

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 6.]

BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1827.

[VOL. 8, N. 8.]

THE TOMB OF DE BRUCE.

A Freedom is a noble thing ;
Freedom makes man to have liking ;
Freedom all solace to men gives ;
He lives at ease that freely lives.

BARBOUR.

AND liest thou, great Monarch, this pavement below ?
Thou who wert in war like a rock to the ocean,
Like a star in the battle-field's stormy commotion,—
Like a barrier of steel to the shocks of the foe !
All lofty thy boast, grey Dunfermline, may be,
That the bones of King Robert, the hero whose story,
Mid our history's night is a day-track of glory,
Find an honour'd and holy asylum in thee.
And here, till the world is eclipsed in decline,
Thy chosen, O Scotland ! shall kneel at this shrine.

On Luxury's hot-bed thou sprang'st not to man—
From childhood Adversity's storms howl'd around thee ;
And fain with his shackles had Tyranny bound thee,
When lo ! he beheld thee in Liberty's van !
To the dust down the Thistle of Scotland was trod ;
'Twas wreck and 'twas ruin, 'twas discord and danger ;
O'er her strongholds waved proudly the flag of the stranger ;
Till thy sword, like the lightning, flash'd courage abroad,
And the craven, that slept with his head on his hand,
Started up at thy war-shout, and belted his brand !

How long Treason's pit-falls 'twas thine to avoid,—
Was the wild-fowl thy food, and thy beverage the fountain,
Was thy pillow the heath, and thy home on the mountain,
When that hope was cast down which could not be destroy'd !
As the way-farer longs for the dawning of morn,
So wearied thy soul for thy country's awaking,
Unsheathing her terrible broadsword, and shaking
The fetters away, which in sleep she had worn :
At thy call she aroused her to fight ; and in fear,
Invasion's fang'd bloodhounds were scatter'd like deer.

The broadsword and battle-axe gleam'd at thy call ;
From the strath and the corral, from cottage and palace,
Pour'd forth like a tide the revengers of Wallace,
To rescue their Scotland from rapine and thrall ;
How glow'd the gaunt cheeks, long all care-worn and pale,
As the recreant brave, to their duty returning,
In the eye of King Robert saw liberty burning,
And raised the wild gathering-cry forth on the gale !
Oh then was the hour for a patriot to feel,
As he buckled his cuirass, the edge of his steel !

When thou camest to the field all was ruin and woe :
 'Twas dastardly terror, or jealous distrusting ;
 In the hall hung the target and burgonet rusting ;
 The brave were dispersed, and triumphant the foe :—
 But from chaos thy sceptre called order and awe ;
 'Twas security's homestead ; all flourish'd that near'd thee ;
 The worthy upheld, and the turbulent fear'd thee,
 For thy pillars of strength were Religion and Law :—
 The meanest in thee a protector could find—
 Thou wert foot to the cripple, and eyes to the blind. †

Oh ne'er shall the fame of the patriot decay—
 De Bruce, in thy name still our country rejoices ;
 It thrills Scottish heart-strings, it swells Scottish voices,
 As it did when the Bannock ran red from the fray.
 Thy dust in the darkness of ruin may lie ;
 But ne'er, mighty Hero, while earth hath its motion,
 While rises the day-star, or rolls forth the ocean,
 Shall thy deeds be eclipsed, or their memory die ;
 They stand, thy proud monument, sculptured sublime
 By the chisel of Fame, on the tablet of Time.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

AMONG the innumerable lovers of the scenery of Devonshire, there are many who have never seen, or heard of, the Castle of Berry-Pomeroy. Its situation is so retired, so undiscoverable without a guide, that it is no wonder if many a party of tourists has passed its very entrance without being aware that an object so well worthy their attention was at hand. The situation of the ruin is as singular as it is beautiful. At a short distance from Totness, a narrow lane diverges from the main road, at the extremity of which is a gate and palisade, so high, as to prevent the visitor from forming any idea of what is to be seen beyond. Entrance being afforded by the gate-keeper, the traveller descends a steep path, which winds between two wooded hills, till he finds himself at the bottom of a deep dell, circular as a basin, the sides of which are feathered with every variety of foliage up to their very summits. In the centre of this dell rises an insulated conical hill, and on its top towers the majestic ruins of the Castle of Berry-Pomeroy. So deep is the valley, that the highest pinnacle of the ruin is beneath the level of the high road. The harmony of tint between the ruin and the foliage, which surrounds and overspreads it, is exquisite. Dark

masses of ivy, and the lighter verdure of the ash and the birch, contrast finely with the grey hue of the mouldering walls. The spacious apartments, which were once the abode of comfort and luxury, are now unable to afford a shelter from the storms of the sky. The long trailing weed, and the clustering ivy, are the only hangings the walls can now boast: the stars are their midnight lamps ;—the winds of heaven their only music. The ground is carpeted by soft and verdant turf; and the wood anemone springs in profusion on every side. A fine stream of water runs round the base of the hill, and on it is a water-mill, placed as if purposely to contrast its humble comfort with the mouldering grandeur of the ruin which towers above it. The right time to behold this scene is just before sun-set, when the lower part of the dell is enveloped in the shadows of evening, and the castle alone stands radiant in the sunlight. Then, while the birds are yet singing their evening-song, and the brook makes music with them, the miller may be seen, with his horse, descending the steep path which leads to his dwelling; and his daughter, graceful and beautiful as evening, is tending her flowers, in the garden which slopes down to the stream: or her voice may be heard,

echoing up the hill, to warn the children who are at play among the ruins, that the sun is setting and it is time to come home. Never was situation more retired than this; for there is no access to it but by the gate, of which the miller keeps the key. Yet, as parties of strangers sometimes visit the castle, and as on these occasions the beautiful girl I have mentioned is sometimes obliged to act as guide, she has acquired an address free from awkward shyness, and as graceful as it is modest. As a child, Mary was the gayest of the gay; and her parents let her run wild, and amuse her little life as she would. But when she was about seventeen, a sudden and remarkable change took place. She loved and was beloved;—but, being somewhat spoiled by indulgence, and too young and giddy to make a right use of her power, she trifled with her lover, offended him, and while boasting of her influence and meditating some new exertion of it, she was struck dumb by receiving a letter from her lover, announcing his departure from Dartmouth as a sailor, and bidding her farewell. Mary never got over the shock. She never complained, for she knew that she had brought her sorrow on herself; she never mentioned his name, nor did her parents speak of him; but they tried by fresh indulgence to win back her smiles, and lighten her heavy heart. But Mary no longer liked, or would accept indulgence. She was humbled; and she seemed to find comfort in being as unlike as possible to what she had formerly been. She became industrious, grave and womanly. She took care of the little ones; she assisted her mother; and the only amusement she cared for, was to set the children to play hide-and-seek at the castle. In vain did her parents sigh for the sound of her light laughter: she was gentle; but it was plain that she could no longer be gay.

One day, a large party arrived to view the castle. The miller was gone to Totness, and his wife was busy: so Mary took the key and act-

ed as guide. She left the gate open, as she thought her father might return while she was in the ruin. He did return, and impatiently sought his wife; and with a countenance of astonishment asked who had arrived, and where Mary was. Being told that she was with a party of strangers at the castle, and that no remarkable visitor was among them, he related an extraordinary tale. He was descending the path just above the mill, when he heard a rustling among the leaves, and looking that way, he saw a man stealing along behind the trees, evidently wishing to avoid notice. The miller called; but no answer being returned, he jumped from his horse and pursued the intruder, who once turned his head, and then fled faster than the miller could pursue. Yet the glimpse which he had obtained of the face, urged the good man to greater speed; for it seemed the face of Mary's lover. After a fruitless chase, the miller paused, and thought it best to hasten home to ask his wife's advice. She felt certain of her husband's having mistaken the identity of the person; for George was not to return these many months; and as for his having a sailor's jacket on, so many sailors came up from Dartmouth, that that fact told nothing. However, the dear child must not be left to be alarmed by any trespasser, and her husband must make as much haste as he could up the hill. The miller was still breathless, but he delayed no longer than to agree with his wife that not a syllable should be said to Mary of the adventure. He kept a sharp look out, as he followed the winding path up the hill. Once he thought, but he could not be sure, that he saw a man standing in the shadow of the ruin: but when he reached the spot, no one was there. Then he heard the tone of a gruff voice very near. The miller turned quickly round an angle of the building, and seized on a man who stood with his back to him. It proved to be a gentleman of the party, and the good man was obliged to apologize,

again and again, in the best words he could find ; and to make the most of his certainty of a trespasser being at hand. Luckily, his daughter was not present to witness so unusual an exertion of the good man's energies. When she came up with the rest of the party, she offered the keys to her father, saying, her mother wanted her ; but to her surprise, the miller forbade her to leave him. The mysterious stranger appeared no more that day : and the only effect of the apparition was, to make Mary's parents determine never to lose sight of her, never to allow her to ascend the hill by herself, till they should hear some certain intelligence of George. It was no difficult task to keep Mary in sight, without her being aware that she was watched. For many days no strangers arrived, and Mary was fully occupied at home, and found in her pretty garden all the relaxation she wanted. Then rainy weather came, and there was no temptation to go out.

The first fine day, after a week of rain, was market day at Totness, and the miller's wife mounted her horse to go to the town. She had never believed that the apparition, which had troubled her husband, was George himself. She was far from being convinced that he had seen any one ; or, if he had, it was either some servant belonging to the strangers, or a sailor, who chose to see the ruin without feeing the gate-keeper. Whoever it might be, the danger seemed over, as he had never returned. So the good dame did not trouble herself to tell her husband the hour of her departure ; but, leaving Mary plenty of employment, she trotted off, unnoticed by the miller. Mary sat down to her work, but was soon interrupted by the children.

"Mary ! you have not played with us ever since the day the last company came : do take us up to the castle."

"I am busy, my dears, but you may go by yourselves. Here, John, take the key, you can unlock the great door."

"But you can do your work this afternoon when the sun is gone down ; and we have not had such a fine day as this for a week."

"Very true," said Mary ; "and I will go with you just for half an hour."

So she tied on her bonnet, and carried the youngest child up the steep hill, while the others ran on before. The children were full of play : they climbed the broken walls, and called to their sister to jump them down again. They laughed at their own little feats, and when they looked in Mary's face, she smiled kindly at them ; but then she remembered the time when she was as merry as they, and she sighed. When she and the children were tired of climbing and jumping, they sat down, and the little ones pulled off her bonnet and stuck it all round with wood anemones : and then she remembered who had done the same thing, in the same place, a year before, and the tears came into her eyes. After a while, the children besought her to play hide-and-seek with them, and she did so. She hid herself with all proper caution, and burst from her hiding place with due eagerness to catch her little playmates, whose shouts of glee echoed through the building.

"And now I must go," said she, at last ; "I am sure I have been more than half an hour with you."

"O, don't go yet, Mary," cried little John, "I am to hide this time, and you must stay till I have had my turn."

"Well, just one turn more, and then I must go."

So the children hid themselves ; and Mary, having given notice to them to keep close, began her cautious search. She had by this time caught the spirit of the game, and was almost as intent upon it as her little brothers. She kept a watchful eye on all sides ; she listened for every little noise ; and trod as softly, as if there was any fear of a step so light as her's being heard. She fancied that the children had chosen

to hide in a different part of the building from that where they had previously played, though equally near to the goal. That way she turned, and presently she saw, behind a corner, the flap of a coat. She gave notice of having seen it, and ran to the goal, but no one followed. She called again, but no one came out: she thought she had been mistaken, and again began her search, amidst the most profound stillness. With stealthy pace she approached the corner, ready to spring away at the first alarm. No alarm was given, and the coat flap was no longer visible. She drew nearer and nearer, touched the wall, and, pushing back her bonnet, bent her head forward and forwarder, and at length fairly turned the corner. She caught some one, but it was not John or Charles: no: it was George himself. Mary screamed, and sank on the ground. The children flew from their hiding places, and her lover raised her, and soothed her startled spirits with his words of tenderness.

He loved her more than ever. He had heard of the change which had taken place in her after his departure: he determined to see and judge for himself, before he ventured to subject himself again to the heart-

breaking caprices of one he could not cease to love. For this purpose he had trespassed again and again, though he had only been once observed: for this purpose he had overlooked her garden from the top of a neighbouring tree: for this purpose he had flitted through the thickets on the side of the hill, and concealed himself in the ruin. He had seen Mary many times; and always quiet, grave, and, as he thought, spiritless. He had seen the tears start to her eyes this day, and her sigh was not lost upon him. It determined him to seek her that very day, and he only waited her departure from the castle to follow her home and renew his suit. It was not his intention to startle her as he had done, but she was so bent on searching the corner where he had concealed himself, that there was no escape.—No harm was done: she soon recovered sufficiently to send the children down, and to follow with no other support than the arm of her lover.

Her fond mother has again been gladdened by her merry laugh; and her father is often heard to appeal to Mary's judgment, whether, of all the sports that ever were invented, there is one that can compare with Hide-and-Seek.

A BREAKFAST IN NEWGATE.

RETURNING from the country, I found myself in the Old Bailey, shortly after seven in the morning. I had some difficulty in making my way through the crowd there assembled, which I instantly perceived, from the platform erected in front of Newgate, had been brought together to witness one of those mournful exhibitions which the administration of criminal justice so frequently furnishes in this immense metropolis.

My first impulse was to retreat with all possible expedition, but the impediments opposed to my doing so compelled a pause; and it then struck

me, that however reluctant to witness suffering, there was much in the scene before me on which a reflecting mind might dwell with interest, if not with advantage.

The decent gravity of some of the crowd formed a strong contrast to the jocund vivacity of the majority; and this again with the important swagger of the constables, who seemed fully to appreciate the consequence which the modicum of authority dealt out to persons of their standing in society, cannot fail to impart. Then the anxiety to complete their task, which the workmen who were still employed in preparing the

scaffold evinced, gave another feature perfectly distinct from what had before caught my attention, while the eagerness of the inhabitant house-keepers to let "excellent places for seeing," and of certain ambulatory pastrycooks to accommodate the rapidly increasing multitude with such delicacies as they had for sale, added to the variety, though not to the solemnity of the scene.

Some undertaker's men were carrying coffins across the road to the prison, for the reception of the sufferers after execution. They were much pushed about, and this caused great mirth. I turned from the general display of levity with disgust. "On no account," I mentally exclaimed, "will I remain mixed up with such a herd of heartless beings. But who am I," I retorted on myself in the next moment, "that I should thus condemn my fellows, and 'bite the chain of nature?'"—for what I saw was nature after all. A mob, save when depressed by a sense of peril, can never long refrain from some indications of merriment, however awful the subject of their meeting. The unfortunate Hackman, in one of his letters to Miss Ray, described himself to have been shocked by a spectacle of this sort. On the morning of the day on which Dr. Dodd suffered, Hackman was at Tyburn. While the multitude were expecting the approach of the culprit, an unfortunate pig ran among them; and the writer remarks, with indignation, that the brutal populace diverted themselves with the animal's distress, as if they had come there to see "a sow baited," instead of attending to behold a fellow creature sacrificed to justice.

But the pressuro of the accumulating thousands was too much for me, and I asked a female, who, with an infant in her arms, stood full in my way, to let me pass. I was retiring, when the carriage of one of the sheriffs drove up to the Sessions-house, and out stepped my friend Sir Thomas —, who, in the performance of his duty, came to superintend

the last arrangements within the prison, and to give the governor a receipt for the bodies of the unfortunates who were to die.

I was instantly recognized, and the sheriff kindly complimented me with the offer of an introduction to the interior. Such politeness was not to be withstood, and I signified my assent with a bow.

We passed up a staircase and into a well furnished and carpeted apartment. Here I was introduced to the under-sheriff, who, attended by half a dozen gentlemen, brought in, like myself, as a matter of favour, was about descending to the room in which the culprits are pinioned. Sir Thomas, who had bestowed much humane attention on the prisoners, inquired, with real solicitude, how they had passed the night. His colleague, who had just had his person embellished with the insignia of office, replied, in a lively tone, "O, very well, I understand." He added, with infinite coolness and intelligence—"But you cannot expect men to sleep so well the night before they are hanged as they are likely to do afterwards!"

He looked round in all our faces, as if to collect our suffrages in favour of this pleasantry. His *high rank* and importance *there*, prevented any word or sign of displeasure. Most of us lifted our upper lip so as just to show our teeth, thereby intimating that we knew he had said a very good thing, at which, but for the painful business then in progress, we should be ready to die with laughing.

We now followed the sheriffs through the Sessions-house, and thence, by a covered passage on the eastern side of the yard of that building, to the prison. I shuddered at beholding the numerous precautions which experience and ingenuity had suggested to cut off hope and prevent escape. Spikes and pallisades above, and doors of massy iron below, appeared in long and terrible array against the wretch, who, having eluded the vigilance of the officers of the gaol, should attempt, by flight, to

save his life. At one of the iron doors, we were severally inspected with as much suspicious care as if we had been seeking to get out, instead of pressing forward to be let in.

At length we reached a gloomy apartment, which, I believe, is called the press-room. Here I found rather a fuller attendance than I had expected; some eight or ten persons having been admitted by another entrance. These had formed in two lines, and their eyes were incessantly turned towards the door. I fancied, when I made my appearance, that they regarded me with peculiar attention, as if for a moment they had mistaken me for a more distinguished character than I really was. If I were right in this, they certainly were soon undeceived. Mingling with them, I looked about me, as I saw them look about. Silence generally prevailed. A few whispers were exchanged; and now and then such sentences as, "The time grows short."—"They will soon be here."—"What must their feelings be at this moment?" were murmured along the ranks.

That amelioration of the culprit's destiny, which, by relieving him from the galling fetters heretofore deemed necessary for the safe detention of his person, now leaves his mind more perfect leisure for communication with his Creator, had not then taken place. The approach of the prisoners was signified first by a whisper, and then by the clanking of the irons attached to the limbs of one of them. It was a dreary morning; and the sombre aspect of the apartment well accorded with the dismal preparations of which it was to be the theatre. A block with a small anvil was placed near the entrance, by which a miserably attired individual was stationed with a candle, for the purpose of lighting the workman who attended to remove the irons. The flame of the candle was too small to afford a general illumination of the room; but its limited power gave to the eye a more distinct view of a little circle round the anvil, in which

the main objects were the smith, with his hammer already grasped; his assistant, and two or three officers, were, in the absence of the more important objects of curiosity, eagerly gazed on by some of the party, and by me for one, as appendages of the picture not unworthy of notice.

The sound of the fetters was now close at hand, and the voice of the minister who attended the wearer of them, could be heard. In the next moment two or three persons entered, and these were followed by the ordinary and one of the malefactors. The latter looked right and left, as if he had calculated on recognizing there some friend or relative. A ghastly paleness sat on his cheek, and there was an air of disorder in the upper part of his face, which his wild but sunken eye, and negligently combed locks joined to furnish. The unhappy youth, for he was not more than twenty, advanced with a steady step to where the smith expected him. He was resigned and tractable. When about to place his foot on the block, he untied a band, which had passed round his body to sustain the weight of his irons; and as he disengaged it, he let it carelessly fall, with an expression in his countenance which told, so I fancied, that, in this moment, reflecting that he should never want it again, the immediate cause and consequence of the miserable relief flashed full on his imagination, with all their concomitant horrors. But with calmness he attended to the workman, who directed him how to stand. He manifested great presence of mind, and, I thought, seemed to gaze with something of curiosity on the operation, which he contributed all in his power to facilitate. The heavy blows echoed through the room, and rudely broke in on the low murmurs and whispers which had for some little time been the only sounds heard there. A singularly irrational feeling came over me. I could have reproved the striker for indecorously breaking silence, and even have questioned his humanity for being capable of such vigorous

exertion at a moment when, as it struck me, every thing ought to have presented the coldness and motionless stillness of the grave.

The rivet was knocked out, the fetters fell to the floor, and the prisoner was passed from the anvil to the further extremity of the room. A second entered. This was a middle-aged man. Reflection seemed with him to have well performed its duty. Calm and undismayed, he advanced to the anvil, apparently unconscious of the presence of a single spectator, and wholly occupied with meditations on eternity. Having already witnessed that part of the preparatory ceremony which he was then to undergo, I withdrew from the circle to observe the other sufferer. He had now been joined by the ordinary, and was standing near a table, on which several ropes were lying. He was directed to place his hands together, and he was then pinioned. Here, again, I felt a disposition to criticise the conduct of the officers, like that which I had previously experienced while witnessing the labors of the smith. The adroitness and merciful despatch which I noticed, I could hardly help regarding as meriting censure for the insensibility which they marked. Those who have to perform a severe duty cannot often properly fulfil their task, and at the same time conciliate the admiration of the pitying spectator. Lest what I have said should be misunderstood, it is right distinctly to say, no want of consideration for the feelings of the criminals was evinced. The officers who pinioned them, when their work was done, shook each by the hand with an appearance of sincere commiseration. The matter-of-course way in which they acquitted themselves offended me, but I had no right to expect that in performing what to them were but commonplace labors, they should study my fastidious notions of fitness and effect.

But a still greater contrast to the awful character of the preparations presented itself. When I drew near the table on which the ropes lay, and

by which the miserable being who had most engrossed my attention then stood, I perceived on that very table the materials for gambling. Lines, passing across it, had been indented to prepare it for a game, I believe the same as that which King Henry VIII. took some trouble to put down, under the name of "Shove-groat." The strange variety thus placed before me—the mingling symbols of dissipation and misery, of pastime and of death, caused my mind, already sufficiently excited, to experience a sudden emotion which I know not how to convey to another.

The third criminal entered. This was a young man of prepossessing exterior, who had recently moved in a higher sphere than either of his companions in suffering. His cheek was flushed when he entered, and he staggered forward, writhing in agony, and scarcely able to sustain himself. He looked at those who surrounded him as if he feared to discover some who had known him in the day of his pride. It was necessary to support him while his irons were being removed. He was attended by a benevolent person who commonly assists criminals in their last moments, and who, though no ecclesiastic by profession, seemed equal to the duty of imparting religious consolation. His voice now contributed to soothe his unhappy charge, and in a few moments all that was necessary there to be done had been performed. The hands of the culprits were secured, and the halters by which they were to perish were thrown round their shoulders.

The fortitude of the young man first brought in had, till this moment, enabled him, though not unmoved, to look with calmness on the appalling scene. But now when he saw that but one more ceremony intervened between him and the grave, his resolution suddenly failed him. He burst into tears, and a wild shriek of "O my mother—my poor mother!" embodied in speech a portion of the agony which raged in his bosom. He was conducted to a bench,

on which his fellows had just been seated. A glass of water was handed to him, with which he moistened his fevered lips, and the voice of devotion again claimed attention, and commanded silence.

In that moment few, if any, of the spectators remembered the crimes of those they looked upon. Every mind was solely occupied with the terrible punishment about to be inflicted.

But distressing as the scene was, before it closed I was sufficiently myself to recognize, with satisfaction, the majestic march of justice—the resolute, but humane administration of the law. It was sad to behold the ghastly pictures of despair then breathing, but destined so speedily to cease to breathe. Such scenes are rendered familiar to us in romance, but to gaze on the reality, and to feel that, pity as we may, no joyful denouement can be furnished to avert the contemplated sacrifice, occasions for the time excruciating sorrow. But while I felt this, and was persuaded that each of all who were with me (however idle the curiosity which brought him there) would have been glad for himself to have given them life and freedom, I admired the serene determination which still urged on the proceedings, and the sorrowful concurrence which attended them. It was the triumph of civilization, to behold every effort made to soothe calamity, without any abandonment of the forfeit justly claimed on behalf of society.

The sheriffs inquired if the unfortunates had any thing to impart, or any request to make. Answered in the negative—they added their voices to those of their religious assistants, to assure them of their hopes—that they would find that mercy in another world, which the laws and the interests of their fellow creatures denied them in this.

This language, however suited to the occasion, had been so often addressed to them, that the sufferers received it almost as a matter of course, and made little or no reply, but looking up to Heaven, they at least seem-

ed to feel that thither alone could their thoughts be advantageously directed.

They continued sitting on the bench or form to which they had been led. From time to time the sheriffs referred to their watches. The under sheriff, who had been doing the same, now exhibited his time-piece to his superior. It wanted five minutes to eight. Sir Thomas, by a slight inclination of the head, intimated that he comprehended what was intended to be conveyed.

"Had we not better move?" he inquired, addressing himself, in a tone but little above a whisper, to the ordinary.

"I think we had," the functionary just mentioned rejoined; "the last time, you know, we were rather late."

The under sheriff waved his hand for the spectators to stand aside. His gesture was promptly attended to. The sheriffs, holding their wands in their hands, then presented themselves as ready to march in procession. Immediately after them the minister appeared, with his open book; the culprits were next brought forward, and placed immediately behind him. The spectators, who had given way on the sides, prepared to bring up the rear, but were admonished by the under sheriff not to press on the sufferers; and strange as it may seem, the intrusive curiosity of some of the party, impressed upon me a belief that this hint was not altogether unnecessary.

No further delay was allowed. The sheriffs moved on; the ordinary, the culprits, and the officers did the same; and that class of attendants to which I belonged followed. I shall not easily forget the circumstances of this brief, but melancholy progress. The faltering step—the deep-drawn sigh—the mingling exclamations of anguish and devotion which marked the advance of the victims—the deep tones of the reverend gentleman who now commenced reading a portion of the burial service, and the tolling of the prison

bell, which, as we proceeded through some of the most dreary passages of the gaol, burst on the ear, rendered the whole spectacle impressive beyond description.

Few steps sufficed to conduct us to the small room, or entrance-hall, into which the debtor's door opens, and from this we saw the ladder which the criminals were to ascend, and the scaffold on which they were to die. I was on the alert to detect any sudden emotion which this spectacle might cause, but could not perceive that it had the slightest effect. The minds of the sufferers had been so prepared, that a partial view of the machine to which they were being conducted, seemed to give no additional shock. No further pause was deemed necessary. The clock was striking eight, and the ordinary and the youth first brought to the press-room, immediately passed up the ladder. To the two culprits that remained, the gentleman whom I have already mentioned offered his services, and filled up with a prayer the little interval which elapsed, before the second was conducted to the platform.

I heard from without the murmur of awe, of expectation, and pity, which ran through the crowd in front of the prison, and stepping on a small erection to the left of the door, gained a momentary glimpse of a portion of the immense multitude, who, uncovered, and in breathless silence, gazed on the operations of the executioners. I retreated just as the third halter had been adjusted. The finisher of the law was in the act of descending, when the under-sheriff addressed him—

"Is every thing quite ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take care and draw the bolt out smartly.—Now, don't bungle it."

"No, sir, you may depend upon it," was the answer. And the obsequious anxiety of the hangman to seem polite and obliging, his apparent zeal to give satisfaction, though very natural, seemed to me not a little curious.

Prayers, which had been interrupted for a moment, while the last awful ceremony was in progress, were resumed. As he read them, I saw the clergyman fix his eye on the executioner with a peculiar expression. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and passed it slightly over his upper lip. This was the fatal signal. A lumbering noise, occasioned by the falling of part of the apparatus, announced that it had been obeyed.

In that moment, a rush from the scaffold forced me from the door. The sheriffs, the under-sheriff, the ordinary, the gentleman who had assisted him in preparing the sufferers for eternity, and several other persons quitted the platform as expeditiously as possible, that they might not behold the final agonies of the unhappy men. Sir Thomas took me by the arm as he passed, and signified that he wished me to accompany him. I did so. Again I marched through the passages which I had recently traversed. Two minutes brought me to the door of the room to which I had first been conducted. Here my friend accosted me with his natural firmness of tone, which before had been considerably subdued by humane emotions, and said—

"You must breakfast with us."

I started at the unsentimental idea of eating the moment after quitting so awful a spectacle, as that which I have attempted to describe. But I had not sufficient energy to resist the good will which rather unceremoniously handed me in. Here I found the other sheriff, the ordinary, the under-sheriff, the city-marshal, and one or two of the individuals I had previously met, already seated.

"Well, it is all over," said Sir Thomas, as he took his seat at the table.

"Yes, it is," said the ordinary, in the same tone which I had heard a few moments before, and admired, as appropriately solemn. "It is all over, and—" putting his cup and saucer to the under-sheriff, who prepared to pour out the tea—"I am very glad of it."

"I hope you do not mean the breakfast is all over," remarked the sheriff, whose wit I had previously admired, "for I have had none yet."

The moment had not arrived at which humor like this could be duly appreciated, and I did not observe that any of the company gave even that sort of *note of face* for a laugh which we had all used half an hour before.

Our conversation turned naturally on the manner in which the sufferers had conducted themselves; on the wishes they had expressed, and the confessions they had made.

But while I looked on the hospitably spread table, I could not help connecting operations rather different in their character, which must have been going on at the same moment.

From what I have already said, it must be inferred that the first speeches which accomplished the circuit of the table, were of a very serious character. But, mingled with them, some common breakfast-table requests and civilities caught my attention, as singular from their association. The performance of duties the most important cannot relieve man from the necessity of claiming his "daily bread," and I do not know that it is any reproach to a clergyman that he is not distinguished by versatility of manner. The abrupt transition from the gravity of the pulpit to the flippancy of the bar I should not admire; but the consistency of the reverend gentleman here attracted my notice. I had been just listening to him while he repeated, with devotional elongation, the solemn words of the burial service; and when I heard him with the same elongation of sound, address himself to me—"Shall I trouble you to cut up the fowl—can I help you to some tongue, sir?" I confess that I felt tempted not to laugh, but to comment on the oddly-contrasted feelings which the same voice, thus variously exerted, inspired.

Horror-struck, as I had been, at the first mention of the unfeeling word "breakfast," my excuse for

staying was to see if others would eat. That I should take food was quite out of the question. But the wing of a fowl having been put on my plate, I thought it would be rudeness to reject it. I began to eat, inwardly reflecting that my abstinence would nothing benefit those whose sufferings I had still in my memory; and improving on this reconciling thought, I presently detected myself holding my plate for a second supply. "O sentiment!" I mentally exclaimed, "what art thou when opposed to a breakfast?"

By the time we had disposed of our first cup of tea, we had got through the pious reflections which each of us had to offer on the particular occasion which had brought us together, and conversation started in a livelier vein.

While we were thus engaged one of the city-marshal's men entered to announce that it was past nine o'clock, and to ask if any of the company chose to see the bodies taken down.

"The bodies!" I repeated to myself, and the application of that word to those whom I had previously heard mentioned but by their names, recalled my thoughts which had somehow strayed from the business of the morning into unlooked-for cheerfulness, and presented, in that simple expression, an epitome of all that had moved my wonder, curiosity and commiseration.

Again we passed through those parts of the prison which I had twice before traversed. We advanced with a quicker step than when following those whom we now expected to see brought to us. But with all the expedition we could use, on reaching the room from which the scaffold could be seen, we found the "bodies" already there. Nor was this, in my opinion, the least striking scene which the morning brought under my observation. The dead men were extended side by side, on the stone floor. The few persons present gazed on them in silence, duly impressed with the melancholy spectacle. But in this part of the building a copper

is established, in which a portion of the provisions for its inmates is prepared. There was a savoury smell of soup, which we could not help inhaling while we gazed on death. The cooks, too, were in attendance, and though they, as became them, did all in their power to look decorously dismal, well as they managed their faces, they could not so divest themselves of their professional peculiarities, as not to awaken thoughts which involuntarily turned to ludicrous or festive scenes. Their very costume was at variance with the general gloom.

I turned my eyes from them, wishing to give myself wholly up to meditation during the moments of my stay. Just then the executioner approached. Sir Thomas desired him

to remove the cap from the face of one of the sufferers. There was nothing terrific in the aspect of the deceased. I recognized the features of the young man who had been so wildly, so violently agitated, when about to suffer. Now pain was at an end, apprehension was no more, and he seemed in the enjoyment of sweet repose. His countenance was tranquil as that of a sleeping infant. While reflecting on the change which a single hour had sufficed to produce, I could hardly help regarding as idle the sorrow and the pity which I had felt within that period. I almost accused the sufferers of weakness, for showing themselves depressed as they had been, for

"Is not death, which we unwisely fear,
An end of all our busy tumults here?"

ON A SUN-DIAL.

"To carve out dials quaintly, point by point."—SHAKESPEARE.

"**H**ORAS non numero nisi serenitas"—is the motto of a sundial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lours, and time presents only a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-tormenting! For myself, as I rode along the Brenta, while the sun shone hot upon its sluggish, slimy waves, my sensations were far from comfortable; but

the reading this inscription on the side of a glaring wall, in an instant restored me to myself; and still, whenever I think of or repeat it, it has the power of wafting me into the region of pure and blissful abstraction. I cannot help fancying it to be a legend of ancient superstition. Some monk of the dark ages must have invented and bequeathed it to us, who, loitering in trim gardens and watching the silent march of time, as his fruits ripened in the sun or his flowers scented the balmy air, felt a mild languor pervade his senses, and having little to do or to care for, determined, in imitation of his sun-dial, to efface that little from his thoughts or draw a veil over it, making of his life one long dream of quiet! *Horas non numero nisi serenitas*—he might repeat, when the heavens were overcast and the gathering storm scattered the falling leaves, and turn to his books and wrap himself in his golden studies! Out of some such mood of mind, indolent, elegant, thoughtful, this exquisite device, speaking volumes, must have originated.

Of the several modes of counting time, that by the sun-dial is perhaps the most apposite and striking, if not the most convenient or comprehensive. It does not obtrude its observations, though it "morals on the time," and, by its stationary character, forms a contrast to the most fleeting of all essences. It stands *sub dio*—under the marble air, and there is some connexion between the image of infinity and eternity. I should also like to have a sun-flower growing near it with bees fluttering round.* It should be of iron to denote duration, and have a dull, leaden look. I hate a sun-dial made of wood, which is rather calculated to show the variations of the seasons, than the progress of time, slow, silent, imperceptible, chequered with light and shade. If our hours were all serene, we might probably take almost as little note of them, as the dial does of those that are clouded. It is the shadow thrown across, that gives us warning of their flight. Otherwise, our impressions would take the same undistinguishable hue; we should scarce be conscious of our existence. Those who have had none of the cares of this life to harass and disturb them, have been obliged to have recourse to the hopes and fears of the next to enliven the prospect before them. Most of the methods for measuring the lapse of time have, I believe, been the contrivance of monks and religious recluses, who, finding time hang heavy on their hands, were at some pains to see how they got rid of it. The hour-glass is, I suspect, an older invention; and it is certainly the most defective of all. Its creeping sands are not, indeed, an unapt emblem of the minute, countless portions of our existence; and the manner in which they gradually slide through the hollow glass and diminish in number till not a single one is left, also illustrates

the way in which our years slip from us by stealth: but as a mechanical invention, it is rather a hindrance than a help, for it requires to have the time, of which it pretends to count the precious moments, taken up in attention to itself, and in seeing that when one end of the glass is empty, we turn it round, in order that it may go on again, or else all our labour is lost, and we must wait for some other mode of ascertaining the time before we can recover our reckoning and proceed as before. The philosopher in his cell, the cottager at her spinning-wheel must, however, find an invaluable acquisition in this "companion of the lonely hour," as it has been called,† which not only serves to tell how the time goes, but to fill up its vacancies. What a treasure must not the little box seem to hold, as if it were a sacred deposit of the very grains and fleeting sands of life! What a business, in lieu of other more important avocations, to see it out to the last sand, and then to renew the process again on the instant, that there may not be the least flaw or error in the account! What a strong sense must be brought home to the mind of the value and irrecoverable nature of the time that is fled: what a thrilling, incessant consciousness of the slippery tenure by which we hold what remains of it! Our very existence must seem crumbling to atoms, and running down (without a miraculous reprieve) to the last fragment. "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," is a text that might be fairly inscribed on an hour-glass:—it is ordinarily associated with the scythe of Time and a Death's-head, as a *Memento mori*; and has, no doubt, furnished many a tacit hint to the apprehensive and visionary enthusiast in favour of a resurrection to another life!

The French give a different turn to things, less *sombre* and less edify-

* Is this a verbal fallacy? Or in the close, retired, sheltered scene which I have imagined to myself, is not the sun-flower a natural accompaniment of the sun-dial?

† "Once more, companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again."

Bloomfield's Poems—The Widow to her Hour-glass.

ing. A common and also a very pleasing ornament to a clock, in Paris, is a figure of Time seated in a boat which Cupid is rowing along, with the motto *L'Amour fait passer le Temps*—which the wits again have travestied into *Le Temps fait passer l'Amour*. All this is ingenious and well; but it wants sentiment. I like a people who have something that they love and something that they hate, and with whom every thing is not alike a matter of indifference or *pour passer le temps*. The French attach no importance to any thing, except for the moment; they are only thinking how they shall get rid of one sensation for another; all their ideas are *in transitu*. Every thing is detached, nothing is accumulated. It would be a million of years before a Frenchman would think of the *Horas non numero nisi serenas*. Its impassioned repose and ideal voluptuousness are as far from their breasts as the poetry of that line in Shakspeare—"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank!" They never arrive at the classical—or the romantic. They blow the bubbles of vanity, fashion, and pleasure; but do not expand their perceptions into refinement, or strengthen them into solidity. Where there is nothing fine in the ground-work of the imagination, nothing fine in the superstructure can be produced. They are light, airy, fanciful (give them their due)—but when they attempt to be serious, beyond mere good sense, they are either dull or extravagant. When the volatile salt has flown off, nothing but a *caput mortuum* remains. They have infinite crotchets and caprices with their clocks and watches, which seem made for any thing but to tell the hour—gold-repeaters, watches with metal covers, clocks with hands to count the seconds. There is no escaping from quackery and impertinence, even in our attempts to calculate the waste of time. The years gallop fast enough for me, without remarking every moment as it flies; and farther, I must say I dislike a watch,

whether of French or English manufacture, that comes to me like a footpad with its face muffled, and does not present its clear, open aspect like a friend, and point with its finger to the time of day. All this opening and shutting of dull, heavy cases (under pretence that the glass-lid is liable to be broken, or lets in the dust or air and obstructs the movements of the watch) is not to husband time, but to give trouble. It is mere pomposity and self-importance, like consulting a mysterious oracle that one carries about with one in one's pocket, instead of asking a common question of an acquaintance or companion. There are two clocks which strike the hour in the room where I am. This I do not like. In the first place, I do not want to be reminded twice how the time goes; it is like the second tap of a saucy servant at your door when perhaps you have no wish to get up: in the next place, it is starting a difference of opinion on the subject, and I am averse to every appearance of wrangling and disputation. Time moves on the same, whatever disparity there may be in our mode of keeping count of it, like true fame in spite of the cavils and contradictions of the critics. I am no friend to repeating watches. The only pleasant association I have with them is the account given by Rousseau of some French lady, who sat up reading the *New Heloise* when it first came out, and ordering her maid to sound the repeater, found it was too late to go to bed, and continued reading on till morning. Yet how different is the interest excited by this story from the account which Rousseau somewhere else gives of his sitting up with his father reading romances, when a boy, till they were startled by the swallows twittering in their nests at day-break, and the father cried out, half angry and ashamed—"Al-lons, mon fils; je suis plus enfant que toi!" In general, I have heard repeating watches sounded in stage-coaches at night, when some fellow-traveller suddenly awaking and won-

dering what was the hour, another has very deliberately taken out his watch, and pressing the spring, it has counted out the time; each petty stroke acting like a sharp puncture on the ear, and informing me of the dreary hours I had already passed, and of the more dreary ones I had to wait till morning.

The great advantage, it is true, which clocks have over watches and other dumb reckoners of time is, that for the most part they strike the hour—that they are as it were the mouth-pieces of time; that they not only point it to the eye, but impress it on the ear; that they “lend it both an understanding and a tongue.” Time thus speaks to us in an audible and warning voice. Objects of sight are easily distinguished by the sense, and suggest useful reflections to the mind; sounds, from their intermittent nature, and perhaps other causes, appeal more to the imagination, and strike upon the heart. But to do this, they must be unexpected and involuntary—there must be no trick in the case—they should not be squeezed out with a finger and thumb; there should be nothing optional, personal in their occurrence; they should be like stern, inflexible monitors, that nothing can prevent from discharging their duty. Surely, if there is any thing with which we should not mix up our vanity and self-consequence, it is with Time, the most independent of all things. All the sublimity, all the superstition that hang upon this palpable mode of announcing its flight, are chiefly attached to this circumstance. Time would lose its abstracted character, if we kept it like a curiosity or a jack-in-a-box: its prophetic warnings would have no effect, if it obviously spoke only at our prompting, like a paltry ventriloquism. The clock that tells the coming, dreaded hour—the castle bell, that “with its brazen throat and iron tongue, sounds one unto the drowsy ear of night”—the curfew, “swinging slow with sullen roar” o’er wizard stream or fountain, are like a voice from other

worlds, big with unknown events. The last sound, which is still kept up as an old custom in many parts of England, is a great favourite with me. I used to hear it when a boy. It tells a tale of other times. The days that are past, the generations that are gone, the tangled forest glades and hamlets brown of my native country, the woodsman’s art, the Norman warrior armed for the battle or in his festive hall, the conqueror’s iron rule and peasant’s lamp extinguished, all start up at the clamorous peal, and fill my mind with fear and wonder. I confess, nothing at present interests me but what has been—the recollection of the impressions of my early life, or events long past, of which only the dim traces remain in a mouldering ruin or half-obsolete custom. That *things should be that are now no more*, creates in my mind the most unfeigned astonishment. I cannot solve the mystery of the past, nor exhaust my pleasure in it. The years, the generations to come are nothing to me. We care no more about the world in the year 2300 than we do about one of the planets. Even George IV. is better than the Earl of Windsor. We might as well make a voyage to the moon as think of stealing a march upon time with impunity. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* Those who are to come after us and push us from the stage seem like upstarts and pretenders, that may be said to exist *in vacuo*, we know not upon what, except as they are blown up with vain and self conceit by their patrons among the moderns. But the ancients are true and *bona-fide* people, to whom we are bound by aggregate knowledge and filial ties, and in whom seen by the mellowed light of history we feel our own existence doubled and our pride consoled, as we ruminate on the vestiges of the past. The public in general, however, do not carry this speculative indifference about the future to what is to happen to themselves, or to the part they are to act in the busy scene. For

my own part, I do; and the only wish I can form, or that ever prompts the passing sigh, would be to live some of my years over again—they would be those in which I enjoyed and suffered most!

The ticking of a clock in the night has nothing very interesting nor very alarming in it, though superstition has magnified it into an omen. In a state of vigilance or debility it preys upon the spirits like the persecution of a teasing pertinacious insect; and haunting the imagination after it has ceased in reality, is converted into the death-watch. Time is rendered vast by contemplating its minute portions thus repeatedly and painfully urged upon its attention, as the ocean in its immensity is composed of water-drops. A clock striking with a clear and silver sound is a great relief in such circumstances, breaks the spell, and resembles a sylph-like and friendly spirit in the room. Foreigners, with all their tricks and contrivances upon clocks and time-pieces, are strangers to the sound of village-bells, though perhaps a people that can dance may dispense with them. They impart a pensive, wayward pleasure to the mind, and are a kind of chronology of happy events, often serious in the retrospect—births, marriages, and so forth. Coleridge calls them "the poor man's only music." A village spire in England peeping from its cluster of trees, is always associated in imagination with this cheerful accompaniment, and may be expected to pour its joyous tidings on the gale. In Catholic countries, you are stunned with the everlasting tolling of bells to prayers or for the dead. In the Appenines, and other wild and mountainous districts of Italy, the little chapel-bell with its simple tinkling sound has a romantic and charming effect. The monks in former times appear to have taken a pride in the construction of bells as well as churches; and some of those of the great cathedrals abroad, as at Cologne and Rouen, may be fairly said to be hoarse with counting the flight of ages. The chimes in Hol-

land are a nuisance. They dance in the hours and the quarters. They leave no respite to the imagination. Before one set has done ringing in your ears, another begins. You do not know whether the hours move or stand still, go backwards or forwards, so fantastical and perplexing are their accompaniments. Time is a more staid personage, and not so full of gambols. It puts you in mind of a tune with variations, or of an embroidered dress. Surely, nothing is more simple than time. His march is straightforward; but we should have leisure allowed us to look back upon the distance we have come, and not to be counting his steps every moment. Time in Holland is a foolish old fellow with all the antics of a youth, who "goes to church in a coranto, and lights his pipe in a cinque-pace." The chimes with us, on the contrary, as they come in every three or four hours, are like stages in the journey of the day. They give a fillip to the lazy, creeping hours, and relieve the lassitude of country places. At noon, their desultory, trivial song is diffused through the hamlet with the odour of rashers of bacon; at the close of day they send the toil-worn sleepers to their beds. Their discontinuance would be a great loss to the thinking or unthinking public. Mr. Wordsworth has painted their effect on the mind when he makes his friend Matthew, in a fit of inspired dotage,

"Sing those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock
And the bewilder'd chimes."

The tolling of the bell for deaths and executions is a fearful summons, though, as it announces not the advance of time but the approach of fate, it happily makes no part of our subject. Otherwise, the "sound of the bell" for Macheath's execution in the "Beggar's Opera," or for that of the Conspirators in "Venice Preserved," with the roll of the drum at a soldier's funeral, and a digression to that of my Uncle Toby, as it is so finely described by Sterne, would furnish agreeable topics to descant

upon. If I were a moralist, I might disapprove the ringing in the new and ringing out the old year.

"Why dance ye, mortals, o'er the grave of Time?"

St. Paul's bell tolls only for the death of the English kings, or a distinguished personage or two, with long intervals between.*

Those who have no artificial means of ascertaining the progress of time, are in general the most acute in discerning its immediate signs, and are most retentive of individual dates. The mechanical aids to knowledge are not sharpeners of the wits. The understanding of a savage is a kind of natural almanac, and more true in its prognostication of the future. In his mind's eye he sees what has happened or what is likely to happen to him, "as in a map the voyager his course." Those who read the times and seasons in the aspect of the heavens and the configuration of the stars, who count by moons and know when the sun rises and sets, are by no means ignorant of their own affairs or of the common concatenation of events. People in such situations have not their faculties distracted by any multiplicity of inquiries beyond what befalls themselves, and the outward appearances that mark the change. There is, therefore, a simplicity and clearness in the knowledge they possess, which often puzzles the more learned. I am sometimes surprized at a shepherd-boy by the road-side, who sees nothing but the earth and sky, asking me the time of day—he ought to know so much better than any one how far

the sun is above the horizon. I suppose he wants to ask a question of a passenger, or to see if he has a watch. Robinson Crusoe lost his reckoning in the monotony of his life and that bewildering dream of solitude, and was fain to have recourse to the notches in a piece of wood. What a diary was his! And how time must have spread its circuit round him, vast and pathless as the ocean!

For myself, I have never had a watch nor any other mode of keeping time in my possession, nor ever wish to learn how time goes. It is a sign I have had little to do, few avocations, few engagements. When I am in a town, I can hear the clock; and when I am in the country, I can listen to the silence. What I like best is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus "with light-winged toys of feathered Idleness" to melt down hours to moments. Perhaps some such thoughts as I have here set down float before me like motes before my half-shut eyes, or some vivid image of the past by forcible contrast rushes by me—"Diana and her fawn, and all the glories of the antique world;" then I start away to prevent the iron from entering my soul, and let fall some tears into that stream of time which separates me farther and farther from all I once loved! At length I rouse myself from my reverie, and home to dinner, proud of killing time with thought, nay even without thinking.

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

—Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might?—A reed, upborne
By an o'er-mastering current!—

GENTLE and lovely Form!
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear!

Banner and shivered crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done.

* Rousseau has admirably described the effect of bells on the imagination in a passage in the *Confessions*, beginning "*Le son des cloches m'a toujours singulièrement affecté,*" &c.

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams through its golden hair
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,
Earth-bound the free ;—
How gave those haughty Dead
A place to thee ?

Shumberer ! thine early bier
Friends should have crowned,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, about the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave,
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,

Trampling thy place of sleep—
Why cam'st thou here ?

Why ? ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen ?

Unto this harvest-ground
Proud reapers came—
Some for that stirring sound,
A Warrior's name ;

Some for the stormy play
And joy of strife ;
And some to fling away
A weary life.

But thou, pale Sleeper ! thou
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame :

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So through the tempest's hour
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust.

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.—NO. III.

(See Vol. VII. page 457.)

FROM Ipswich I went to Liverpool, where a new scene in the chequered life of an actor opened to my view. From the boards "where Garrick trod" I found myself at once transported to those where "folly rears her head," where the path is strewn with saw-dust instead of classic lore—where buffoonery is wit, and bodily strength genius. My new associates were horses, flying horsemen, clowns, harlequins, columbines, rope-dancers, and professors of pantomime. There were, indeed, amongst the biped performers several whose profession had hitherto been that of the legitimate drama, and who, like myself, had been seduced into this temple of mummery by promises that the dramatic portion of the company should be kept wholly distinct from the other ; but these promises were vain, for the two streams were turned into the same channel, and the one became

soon undistinguishable from the other. For the first week matters went on very smoothly, and I had no reason to complain of the business allotted to me ; but the second brought with it the commencement of a series of annoyances far worse than any thing I had yet encountered. The proprietor of the establishment was absent, being engaged with a portion of his quadruped performers at the Dublin theatre, and the management was in the hands of a deputy. Managers themselves are in general despotic, arrogant and overbearing, but their deputies are in most cases worse : "dressed in a little brief authority," they love to exercise their power without regard to the feelings or interest of those placed under their control, and in doing so they are much more oppressive than their masters, always "out-Heroding Herod." My stage-manager was a man in every respect qualified to play the

tyrant. He was plausible, vain, arrogant, cruel and vindictive. At first he loaded me with promises of favor, and I thought myself fortunate in meeting such a friend. His object, however, soon manifested itself; for when he had, as he thought, completely hoodwinked me, he endeavoured to prevail upon me to accept a part far below the grade to which my engagement entitled me. The fact was, that he had a favourite whom he wished to promote at my expense. I insisted upon my right, and from that moment was marked out as an object for persecution. In the casting of pieces, as it is called, that is, the allotment of the characters to the several performers, I was always placed upon the list for the lowest and meanest; and when I took occasion to remonstrate, the great deputy would reply with a malicious smile that he was the best judge of my abilities, and would use his discretion. I, however, not only disputed his judgment but resisted his authority, and refused to play any but the parts to which the letter of my engagement entitled me. For this refractory conduct I was threatened with a fine for each instance of disobedience; but as I declared my intention of having recourse to the Mayor's Court, the threat was never put in execution. In this unpleasant way matters went on for several weeks, during which I had nothing to do but to brood over my grievances, and I became heartily tired of my situation. At length it was announced that the proprietor was on his way home, and all those who had been ill-treated, for there were many besides myself, prepared to make known their complaints. Alarmed for his situation, the deputy then endeavoured to soothe those whom his misrule had offended; and I, amongst the rest, suffered myself to be silenced and deluded by his specious promises. He assured me, that if I would submit to the annoyance of playing trifling parts for the present, so as to conceal from the proprietor the existence of discontent, he would take

every opportunity of putting me forward and advancing my interests. Thus assured, I yielded, and undertook every thing that was required of me. I rode one of the horses in a procession; I suffered myself to be knocked about by the clown in the pantomime; I made one in all groups, and grumbled not at anything—but in vain—my only reward was mortification, disappointment and disgust. Such are the delights of an actor's life! I soon became weary of this course, and I resolved to change, thinking that "any change must better my condition." Having heard that there was a vacancy in a small company of actors then performing at Kidderminster, I wrote to the manager, making him a tender of my services, and was after some negotiation engaged at the salary of twenty-five shillings per week, to play a very respectable line of business, and to join at Hereford.

I willingly bade adieu to Liverpool, shook the saw-dust from my feet, resolving never again to enter a circus, and with bright anticipations of future success, I set out on my journey to Hereford. The coach left Liverpool at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of March, a day on which my countrymen are in the habit of drowning their shamrocks in whiskey, and of paying adoration to their patron saint. I therefore placed myself under the tutelage of St. Patrick, and at starting poured forth a libation to his honour. But most sadly did the saint neglect his charge. Many were the shamrocks drowned that day, but not one of them, I will venture to say, received so effectual a steeping as mine did; for scarcely had the coach proceeded a mile upon the road, when rain began to pour in torrents upon my head. I had paid a shilling extra for the box seat as being the most comfortable, but would gladly now have given two shillings to get rid of it; for the wind was in my face, and I had the full benefit of the rain, which completely soaked me. It continued all night; and when the coach reach-

ed Birmingham in the morning, I was so benumbed that I could not use my limbs. I was carried into an inn, where I was assisted to change my clothes before a good fire, the warmth of which, and a comfortable breakfast, soon set all right again. After a few hours delay, I resumed my journey. When we had been about an hour on the road, the rain began again, and did not cease for a moment during the ride to Worcester. This, however, was but a trifle compared with my disappointment, when, upon inquiry, I ascertained that the only coach which proceeded that day for Hereford had started a few minutes before my arrival, and that I must remain until five o'clock the next morning. This was indeed a serious evil. My purse was fast declining in weight, and its contents would have been barely sufficient to carry me with comfort direct to my destination. But there was no remedy—stay I must. I was too wet and too much jaded to look about for a cheap house, in a town where I was an utter stranger, and I ordered my luggage into the inn at which the coach had stopped, although it looked fearfully expensive. To prevent farther disappointment, I took the precaution of booking and paying for my seat.

I went early to bed for the purpose of sleeping, while my clothes were drying. After an hour or two of rest, I arose refreshed, and extremely hungry. Eating and drinking were not at all convenient to the state of my finances; but to fast in a Christian land on a Sunday, would have been altogether irregular, and I therefore descended to the parlour in quest of dinner. It was soon served up, and I sat down with another traveller to partake of it. The stranger being a well-informed agreeable man, we had much conversation during dinner; and after the cloth was removed, we continued to sit a considerable time, discussing the various topics of the day. He informed me that he was a solicitor, on his way to attend the assizes at Hereford; and

I made no scruple in telling him the object of my journey, claiming, nevertheless, a fellowship, inasmuch as I had been bred to the same profession as himself. He very readily admitted my claim; and although he could not approve of the exchange I had made, yet he said that he wished me success, and assured me, that even on so short an acquaintance, he felt a friendly interest in my welfare. Happy in meeting with so pleasing a companion, I passed the evening cheerfully; and having paid my bill, which reduced my stock to three shillings, I pleaded fatigue, and retired early to bed, to avoid the necessity of incurring farther expense. My bill being discharged, and my seat being paid for, the lightness of my purse gave me no manner of concern; for I did not doubt that I could procure a supply of cash, or, at least, credit, in Hereford, and therefore anxiety did not interrupt the sleep which fatigue had rendered so necessary. Next morning, at the appointed time, I took my place beside my newly acquired friend, whose name was Thompson; and we were about to start, when a surly, ruffianly looking fellow jumped up on the wheel, and demanded seven shillings for my luggage. If a thunderbolt had struck the earth at my feet, I could not have been more shocked. I had not once thought of the luggage, or anticipated such a demand;—seven shillings! and I had but three in the world. What to do I knew not; and the man repeated his demand more than once before I could muster presence of mind to answer him. At length I told him that I could not conveniently pay it then, and that it must remain until my arrival at Hereford. That, however, would not suit him; he must be paid immediately. My distress was now beyond description; shame and vexation quite overcame me, and I was about to quit the coach, when my friend Mr. Thompson slipped his purse into my hand, and kindly requested me to make him my banker. The thing was so delicately done,

that the most fastidious could not have felt offended, and it would have been ingratitude to refuse. I accepted a loan of four shillings, which, with the three I had, satisfied my unmannerly creditor, and I was suffered to proceed. The morning was remarkably fine, and for some time all went on so agreeably that I recovered the tranquillity of which this interruption had deprived me; but my comfort was of short duration, for no sooner had we began to ascend the Malvern Hills than we encountered a tremendous snow-storm, which accompanied us for many miles with such persevering virulence that my clothes became again completely saturated. Almost frozen to death, I sat in the utmost wretchedness for several hours. The coach at length stopped at a small town, and all the passengers, except myself, went into the inn to breakfast. I had not a sixpence, and therefore I remained on the coach in mute misery. Never was breakfast or a fire more necessary; and never did the charms of a blazing hearth, or the luxuries of eggs, ham, toast and tea, appear more valuable in my eyes than at that moment, when they were quite beyond my reach. I had not, however, sat long in this cheerless state, when the worthy man who had already befriended me came and insisted upon my going in to breakfast. He said he knew very well how I was situated, and that I must still make him my banker. To resist was impossible, and I was soon seated near a fire, and provided with all the good things which had just before occupied my imagination as a dream never to be realized. Breakfast being over, we mounted the coach once more, and reached Hereford without farther adventure.

On our arrival I went with Mr. Thompson into the hotel, where we performed the necessary duties of the toilette; he to attend the assize court, and I to present myself to my new manager. When we were about to separate on our respective business, Mr. Thompson inquired whe-

ther I intended taking a benefit in that town, and, being answered in the affirmative, he said, "I shall want four box tickets, which I believe will amount to twelve shillings—I have already given you six, and as silver will be useful to you this morning, I may as well pay you the balance." Accordingly, he put down six shillings, and disappeared before I could either refuse or thank him. I however resolved, if possible, not to let the day pass without returning the money, to which I felt I had no right; and I made up my mind, however disagreeable it might be, to ask the manager for a loan of ten shillings. Having made myself as smart as my wardrobe would permit, with a view of securing a favourable impression at first meeting, I went to the theatre, where I found the performers assembled and ready to begin rehearsal. The manager, a short, fat, important-looking personage, whom I shall call Mr. Strutt, received me with as much condescension as might be expected from so consequential a person as a country manager towards a poor devil of an actor, and, having introduced me to the company, he ordered that rehearsal should commence. While I was going through my part, which was Sir Benjamin Backbite in the *School for Scandal*, he took frequent occasion to show at once his cleverness and importance by interrupting me, to tell me how certain passages should be spoken, but not in one instance would common sense allow me to follow his instructions, which, indeed, were calculated only to convince me of his arrogance and ignorance. Rehearsal being over, I took an opportunity of telling him that the journey had exhausted my purse, and that I would feel obliged by his advancing me ten shillings on account of my first week's salary. This request displeased him exceedingly, and he told me that he did not like advancing money to his performers; for that he had lost a vast deal of money in that way, one young man having gone away thirty shillings in his debt!

However, he said he would give me an answer at night. I was disgusted by his meanness, but I was too poor to be proud, and I dared not do as my feelings dictated. From the performers I received much civility, and, by the advice of some of them, I went to seek lodgings at the house of a respectable widow in a neighbouring street. There I bargained for a small sitting-room and a bedroom, neatly furnished, and agreed to pay for them six shillings a week, including coals and attendance. At night I went through my task tolerably, although I had taken cold and was somewhat hoarse. The manager, who played Charles Surface, was not easily pleased, for he called me aside after the play, and gave me a lecture upon acting, telling me that I had not thrown sufficient spirit into the part. He then gave me the ten shillings, but not without saying all he could to magnify the obligation. Next day I called upon Mr. Thompson, for the purpose of repaying the money he had lent me: but he had left the hotel, and I have never since had an opportunity of discharging the debt or acknowledging his kindness. A very short time passed in this company served to show me, that though I had escaped from many miseries by leaving Liverpool, yet that I had many still to endure, and that I had not yet found out the happiness of an actor's life. I soon discovered that the performers were considered by the manager as mere slaves, for whom any treatment was good enough, and who had not any right whatever to have their feelings or interests consulted. They were merely used as rubbish to fill up unimportant spaces, while the prominent parts of the structure were supplied by the manager and his family. He was about four feet and a half in height, extremely corpulent—in fact, pot-bellied—with a fat vulgar face, to which was affixed a little cocked-up nose. When to these qualifications for the stage are added excessive ignorance, and a disagreeable provincial accent, it will seem rather

ridiculous that he should have thought proper to play the leading parts in tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, melodrame, in short, in every thing; yet such was the case; and his monstrous self-conceit rendered him so blind to his own defects, that he thought himself equal to any of the first-rate actors of the day—so much so that on one occasion, when Kean had been playing in the Hereford theatre, and had closed in "Richard" on the Saturday night, this Manager Strutt had the hardihood to attempt the part himself on the same boards the following Monday night! The audience were good-natured, and did not hiss—they only laughed. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure which Manager Strutt made in tragedy or genteel comedy. In the Roman costume he was particularly droll, for he looked as "ladies like to be who love their lords." In point of acting, his Virginus, Richard, Shylock, Hamlet, Charles Surface, &c. &c. and all the rest, were precisely the same thing; distinguishable from each other only by the dress, and like any thing on earth but what they should be. His daughter, Miss Strutt, who took the lead in the female department, was the inheritor of her father's arrogance and conceit. She was a pert, forward, ignorant young woman, about nineteen, with a face the counterpart of her father's, a discordant voice, and an extremely awkward figure and carriage. She was the Lady Macbeth, Lady Teazle, Rosetta, &c. of the company. The next in importance was Miss Louisa Strutt, who played all parts second to those of her sister, without the slightest pretensions to talent of any sort. After her, came master William Henry Strutt, a stupid boy, who played all the infantile parts, and was quite a Roscius. These were the great creatures of the theatre—the bright luminaries to whom all the others were but tributary satellites. They thought that they possessed amongst themselves all the talent of the theatrical world, that there were

not such to be found any where else, and therefore their names always appeared in the bill in large capital letters, completely eclipsing those of the other members of the company. The assizes at Hereford continued a week, and as during that time we played every night, I was kept extremely busy, having to study long parts for the play and after-piece of each night. This excessive fatigue, added to the effects of my severe and repeated wettings on the journey, quite overpowered me, and I became seriously unwell. In addition to pains in my limbs and general debility, I was afflicted with what appeared to me the most excruciating of all pains, an ear-ache; and I found myself, after struggling against illness for some time, unable to leave my bed. I now sank into despondency, and gave myself up as lost. As on

former occasions of a similar nature, I upbraided myself for the folly which had placed me in so wretched a situation, and deprived me of comforts now so needful. I actually imagined that my earthly career was nearly run, and that the time of my departure from this vale of tears was at hand. I therefore communicated to the medical man who attended me the address of my relatives, and requested that when all should be over, he would inform them of my untimely end. But Providence raised me up a friend in the old lady at whose house I lodged; and by her motherly and affectionate care, my illness, which had increased to a violent fever, owing chiefly to the anxiety of my mind, was overcome; and after a confinement of ten days I was able to walk out. I recovered, and with returning health came renewed hope.

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Are we not here now?"—continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not?" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone!—In a moment?"

TRISTAM SHANDY.

TRIM, thou art right!—"Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die;
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench!

The dreary grave!—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are fill'd with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler! thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike
Are knells: for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case;
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand:
The fast decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan,
Time wears away—with sand!

Thou need'st not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot;
E'en thus our flesh, will by and by,
Be cold as stone—Cook, thou must die!
There's death within the pot!

And Martha, too, my lady's maid!
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould
That's not the "mould of form."

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down;
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the church-yard livery,
Grass-green, turn'd up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable-boy will find
His life no stable thing.

Nay, see the household dog—e'en that
The earth shall take !—The very cat
Will share the common fall !
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all !

Cook, butler, Martha, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—

All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this—in short
The one the parson reads !

The dreary grave !—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon the brink,
My inward spirit groans !
My eyes are fill'd with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones !

THE FATALIST.

I HAVE never remembered so distinctly the days and events of my childhood and youth as now, in my old age. Manhood is generally too active to dwell upon the past,—its interests are divided between possession and hope, between the present and the future. The heart is not quiet enough to listen to the gentle voice of Memory—all is stirring and enterprising. Moreover, I have never dwelt so much alone as now ;—I am a single leaf, hanging upon the bough far into the winter, after the falling off of my friends and companions—withered and alone. Yet I am happy ; and the past has ceased to move me too strongly. I have wept over misfortunes, and follies, and losses, until the pain has been sighed away. Truly, I am somewhat saddened by the recollections of many grievous scenes, in which I acted an unwilling part : but this sadness has been alleviated by time, and is now cheered by the near prospect of a happier existence. However, I do not mean to rest my mind entirely upon myself now ; I would serve as a string, by which, if I may so speak, I may tie together certain detached events which I have seen or known.

How often have I thrown myself, in my careless boyhood, beneath the friendly shade of this broad-spreading beach-tree (as my friend Virgil calls it), and looked upwards at the patches of blue sky appearing through the openings of those thick branches, which now screen my age from every too severe blast ! The little river still pursues its quiet

course, flowing as smoothly and transparently as it did sixty years since. Nature changes little—art is never stationary. The works of the Almighty alone are permanent ! those of man, at the best, do but outlive the artificer—in the era of a world, they are but of a moment's duration ! In this very spot, how many countenances have shone in joy, which are now but as the dust we tread on ! How much agitation has disturbed those spirits, which have ceased for ever to be affected by the cares or the pleasures of this world ! But, dead to others, they still live to me : and in thus recalling the events in which they acted, a delightful illusion places them before me, in the “ very hue and semblance ” which they bore, whilst yet they dwelt amidst the thronging woes of this fluctuating world !

My views of nature are not, as I have already said, of a gloomy cast ; nevertheless, there exist in my memory broad images of dark events, that mock the horrors of romance. They were *realities*—dread realities—with which I myself was in some sort encompassed ;—realities of the moral world, which pressed upon my brain and my heart, as if I had been an active performer in them. No, no : it was a loftier intellect than mine that wrought them out with dexterous suicidal power !—that wove a web around its own energies, from which all their strength could not extricate them. There was the proud consciousness of intellectual might which, in its presumptuous daring, aimed at searching out Om-

nipotence, and soaring too high, proved, in the moment of despair, that its wings were but of wax. There was the fatal self-reliance, which exults in the power of human reason, and disdains the revelation which the Almighty has been pleased to make. *One* word cut the Gordian-knot of all the mysteries of man's being; and that word became the guide of his life—the torch which kindled his imagination into a destructive fire,—FATALISM—FATE—DESTINY!

I was always distinguished by a quiet, contemplative turn of mind; and if my own early wishes had been consulted in the selection of a profession, I should have dedicated myself with joy to the church. But my lot was to be drawn by another hand. I had no parents: my fortune was small, and my guardian sent me into the army, because I had friends who promised to attend to my interest there. I shall not mention the regiment to which I belonged, because I do not mean to afford any clue to the real names of those with whom my reminiscences are connected. It was then what is now called a *crack* regiment; and I was admitted into the number of its officers, with every demonstration of welcome and respect, by those who were to be my companions, mess-mates, and perhaps friends.

Supported by interest, I was soon Captain George Mainwaring. I had scarcely obtained my promotion, when an individual was added to our corps, to whom I became attached by the irresistible power of his mind; as attractive to me, perhaps, by its singularity, as by its lofty intellect.

Harvey Pembroke was of the middle size; small in the girth, but his chest freely developed. He had a pale, saturnine complexion; his eyes were large, dark, and they flashed with intense brightness, in their slow-rolling motion. Their expression was softened by the thick, black lashes which hung over them, like a thin cloud over a meteor. His brows were strongly defined; and, being

often drawn together by the depth of his thoughts, they gave a singular character to his face. The whole would have been stern and gloomy, but for the great beauty of his mouth, which was so generally curled into a smile of peculiar sweetness, that few had an opportunity of remarking, that in its repose, it was expressive of fierce passions. He was very eccentric; but the lightest of his messmates did not venture to ridicule his eccentricities. The whole man was so constituted as to inspire respect, without exertion on his own part, and almost without distinct consciousness on the part of others; and to inspire also that indefinable feeling which, in the mysterious composition of the human mind, haunts it like a shadow, appalling as a spirit: to which the bravest are subject—which belongs to the unknown universe of affinities, sympathies, and antipathies,—and which seems like a shapeless fear. It was not *animal* fear; for those who were most spell-bound by its influence, would have met Pembroke at any moment, to discuss matters at the sword's point. It was, perhaps, the instinctive homage which inferior minds involuntarily pay to a master-spirit.

The habits of military men are not generally literary. I had been educated by a man devoted to these pursuits: and the natural bias of my mind had inclined me to imitation of him, with a zeal which exceeded that of my model.

Old men are fond of digressing—*all* men are fond of that egotism which impels them to make, if they do not find, occasion for touching on those topics most interesting to themselves.

I was about to account for my particular intimacy with Harvey Pembroke, which, in fact, resulted from the attachment to literature inherent in both of us—a feeling in which no other of our associates participated. We were placed in the midst of people, of whom the part that did not belong to us, were absorbed in mer-

cantile calculations—their minds contracted to the mere effort of arithmetical computation. The part that *did* belong to us, walked the round of dissipation, until the end of their existence was a pleasure always sought—never grasped. Pembroke and I, therefore, clung to each other tenaciously, notwithstanding the widely-differing sentiments that characterised our moral being. In the society of cultivated woman, Harvey Pembroke was a new being. His devotion to the sex was chivalrous and most enthusiastic. Beauty to him was nothing, unless elevated by an association with intellect and intelligence: his admiration of such beings was passionate and poetical in the highest degree. Sometimes I spoke to him of the effect likely to be produced on his mind, when this admiration should combine with tenderness. “I have revolved the matter myself,” said he; “it has been a subject of deep reflection. I set out in life with the conviction that I should have to fulfil a remarkable destiny: presentiment—foreboding—call it what you will, it is the surest vehicle of prophecy—has fixed it as an inevitable certainty in my mind, that love will stamp that destiny with its decisive character—bright as the moon, dark as the charnel-vault. Well, well—the stake is set for life or death! Fate plays the game, not I: I follow whithersoever she leads me!”

In the midst of a circle of elegant women, all the sternness of Harvey's countenance, all the gloom of his manner, disappeared. Smiling, graceful, animated even to playfulness, his appearance glowed with vivacious youth; whilst, young as he was, the habits of his mind had cast so dignified and reserved an expression over him, that, in the society of men, he gave to all who saw him, an impression of age equivalent to the march of his intellect rather than of his years.

Sometimes the accidents of life bring the most decided contrasts into juxta-position. There was,

amongst our officers, a young man, named Beaumont, the moral antipodes of Harvey Pembroke. He exercised irresistible sway over his associates, by the gay suavity of his manners, the careless generosity of his temper, and his acquaintance with the *belles lettres*, through the circle of which he had ranged; and from which he had selected, by the aid of a fine taste, the sweetest flowers, which he had the tact of making *tell* in all circles. He had in perfection the art of conversing, the most useful of all kinds of eloquence. His graceful person was no inefficient auxiliary to him: in short, he possessed all the requisites for becoming that universal favorite which he was in reality. He skimmed the surfaces of things—Harvey dived into their deepest recesses. Harvey entertained the most profound contempt for Beaumont; and Beaumont, probably instigated by a secret aversion, stood quite aloof from Harvey. It seemed, that these two could never become affected by the same sentiment, or be brought into contact by any of the probable occurrences of life. But in the unrolling of the volume of their existence, how much did the reality mock the expectation!

In their admiration of woman, Harvey Pembroke found one point of accordance—that is, in the abstract admiration, not the relative. Beaumont sought those who were distinguished by playful manners and lady-like accomplishments—which, I may remark, *en passant*, may be acquired without the accompaniment of any but the most ordinary intellect. Harvey required higher powers. He had the art of sounding mental depth, and of discriminating the nicest shades of the human character. He knew that talent is by no means dependent upon intellect; and he did not value excellence in any single pursuit, as affording a proof of general power of mind. “The habit of pursuing any occupation which requires no mental exertion, induces an indolence or in-

capacity of intellect. Mere artists are commonly as stupid as mere artificers, and these are little more than machines." He despised lady-artists as a body; he said their ideas, if they had any, were narrowed to a single point; within that sphere all was self-sufficiency—out of it, all a blank. He preferred brilliant conversation to any other accomplishment, as one that required a certain calibre of mind to sustain it. Beaumont would stand for hours by the side of any piano-forte playing lady, who had a fine person withal, assiduously turning over the leaves of her music-book, and pouring a whole vocabulary of the prettiest compliments into her ear. Harvey was not remarkable for any such condescending patience. Thus, though perpetually in the same circles, they were thrown at a distance from each other—standing, in fact, at opposite points of the diameter.

But Sophia Maltravers—

Maltravers was the name of our Colonel. He had a fine seat within a few miles of the barracks at which we were stationed; where his only child, assisted by his maiden sister, presided, with all the grace of elegant hospitality. Our Colonel was a brave and an impartial officer—avoiding all occasions of giving offence, and attentive to the comfort and the dignity of his corps, collectively as well as individually. We were often invited to partake of the cheerfulness of his domestic hours, and all were eager to accept his invitations. I declined participating in the gaiety of his more splendid entertainments, whilst I thankfully accepted admission into his family circle. Pembroke and Beaumont were at The Laurels, whenever they could find the shadow of an excuse for their intrusion. It was not the Colonel to whom they were anxious to pay their *devoirs*—it was, unhappily, the Colonel's beautiful and highly cultivated daughter.

"Now my destiny drives me rapidly on!" said Harvey Pembroke to me—"now the thread unravels

fast—fast—fast! and every hour I see the Fates busy with me! I came into this regiment against my will—I was compelled to like the Colonel against my will—I love Sophia against my will—and I shall be the death of Beaumont, against his will. *Free-will!*—nonsense! If it existed, what would its impotence avail against the workings of the awful hand that touches the springs of this machine?—What but irresistible destiny could have brought to pass so impossible an event, as that I could love the woman whom the wretched, trifling Beaumont loves? Nay—more!"—and he gnashed his teeth, and struck his clenched fist upon his forehead—"could compel me to love her still, even although I am in doubt whether he be not—Oh! shame on my base-mindedness!—a favoured rival!"

His countenance was absolutely distorted by the paroxysm of his rage: he could not endure the fancied humiliation to which he was subjecting himself, though the violence of his passion chained him down from any efforts to escape from its thralldom. I could attempt consolation only by shewing the advantages he must naturally possess over Beaumont in the estimation of any woman who was capable of appreciating him.

"It is ignominy even to have entered on such a conflict!" he said, in his intemperance. "Capable of appreciating me! A woman may be all that, and yet, by some wretched perversion of intellect or taste—or by the will of Fate, which is the only will—she may be led to an union which will crush me for ever. No—no!—he shall never be her husband! I will perish first!—he shall perish!—she shall die! If *am* to fulfil so terrible a destiny, let my will go with it. I cannot *lead*,—but the rapidity of Fate itself shall be foiled, so truly will I follow its guidance!"

I was terrified by his violence, which his manner rendered more tremendous. To oppose reason to its force, would have been vain, as

an attempt to stop the whirlwind's fury. I told him, that he was raising phantoms to distract himself which had existence only in his own brain. But he persisted in asserting, that an indissoluble chain united the destinies of himself, of Beaumont, and of Sophia;—that antipathy itself had so associated them;—that he awaited the gradual unfolding of the volume—but if that opening were long delayed, he would cut the roll asunder!

His existence was marked each moment by the rise of some turbulent emotion. Often, he resolved to decide the matter at once, by laying his heart open to Sophia; and as often was he deterred by some courtesy which she extended to his rival, or by that fear, which is always the concomitant of a real passion. But the delay increased his frenzy; and he charged that upon Fate, which was really the result of his own conduct. His manners to Beaumont were often so intemperate as to render the interference of bystanders necessary, in order that no violence might ensue.

As to Beaumont, he sailed along with the stream; loving as gaily as if success were certain; and wooing the favour of his mistress by that obsequious gallantry, which all women love so well. If he gained no real advantage over Harvey, he at least assumed the appearance of it: and this galled and chafed the haughty spirit of his rival, who was sensible of the advantages he lost by reason of his unsubmitive temper. There was pride in the midst of all his devotedness; and though some female souls would have loved him the better for this, he judged too accurately of the sex in general, to dare to indulge the hope, that it would be favorable to him in this particular instance.

Sophia Maltravers had a fine mind, and was capable of forming a just estimation of the value of Harvey Pembroke's love. She suffered many indications of her high appreciation of him to escape, which would

have been received as the most favorable encouragement by any man less infatuated than Harvey. I pointed them out to him in their legitimate interpretation, almost daily: but the blindness of his fierce passion, and the miserable perversion of intellect, occasioned by the horrible conviction of Fatalism, which oppressed his brain, would not permit him to admit any sober thought. Sophia Maltravers was interesting to me for her own sake. I loved the gentle dignity of her character, and I could scarcely wish her to become the wife of my unhappy friend, whose fine mind was so terribly clouded by the darkness of the cloud which encompassed it, and which he called the light of reason.

I was not able often to decide on the relative conduct of the three, thus strangely brought into contact; for they met generally in circles of gaiety, to which neither my principles nor my taste inclined. Thus I was unable to watch the progress of those events, which hurried on the crisis of their tragedy; and unsuspecting of the actual state of their affairs, I had no power of averting the disastrous termination of rivalry and love.

I was rather grieved than surprised, when Pembroke required me to accompany him to the field as his second. The time was come, he said, when either he or Beaumont must cease to burden the earth. I refused to assist him in an affair which, by whatever glossing epithet Honour might denominate it, I called wilful and deliberate murder. He knew my principles too well, to believe I should be piqued into compliance by reproach or sarcasm; he took a more effectual method.

"Be it so," said he, "I shall then go alone. I would not owe the slightest debt to any of the wretched drivellers around me. Yet I *had* wished, if die I must, to breathe out my soul in your presence. There is something I would have said, befitting only such a moment. And, indeed, Mainwaring, your refusal can avail nothing towards prevent-

ing this meeting—it might, perhaps, affect its termination. But you refuse, and I have no further persuasions to offer. It is but death, at the worst—the extinction of the body—the freeing of the soul!—no more—no more! Fate contrains me!—the voice within forwarned me that I had to fulfil a terrible destiny;—*this* seems scarcely dreadful enough to realize the horrible shadows that have flitted before my eyes. But this is *all!*—mere death!—death such as makes one of the ordinary occurrences of life!—death, which any fool tempts courageously!—And thus I pass away—or he!”

I was wrought on by the desperation of his tone—of his manner, to give the promise he required. I was quite alive to the conviction that I had no power of controlling the resolution of the parties, and I hoped that my presence might avert any fatal termination of the event. Affection for Pembroke triumph over all the principles that had guided my life—but my mind was ill at ease. He thanked me for this proof of friendship, and he withdrew to join a splendid circle at the Colonel's where also he was to meet his rival. I remained alone, occupied by bitter reflection. I could not rest; I walked out into the area before my lodging, and I watched the wearing away of the night in indescribable agony of soul.

It was summer, and at three o'clock the first grey dawning was apparent. I turned from it with sickening apprehension. As the fatal hour approached, my repugnance and remorse increased. I dreaded the appearance of Harvey; and in the very midst of those fears, he stood before me.

His face was pale to ghastliness—its expression, that of despair. His livid lip was compressed, and his brows were drawn together. There was no fire in his eye, its lustre was frozen into fearful calmness. I shrank from him in an agony of apprehension; in recalling that moment, I can scarcely conceive how I lived to re-

member it;—there was a crimson stain upon his brow—upon his cheek! I knew that it was blood—human blood! and drops of fear hung upon my brow. He seized my hand, and clasped it closely.

“There!” said he, with frightful tranquillity, “for the last time our hands have embraced!—you have grasped that of a murderer!”

I could make no reply. I thought he and Beaumont had retired from the scene of festivity to decide their pretensions unwitnessed. “You have fought!—Beaumont is dead!”—said I at length.

“Yes!” he returned with a ghastly smile, “Beaumont is dead—but we have not fought!—he had no weapons; I had!”

“You have not—could not!” I groaned.

“I *did* it!”—he returned, leaning against the wall; and I saw his whole frame convulsed, though his countenance remained tranquil. “She smiled upon him—these eyes saw looks of love—and triumph over wretched, wretched Pembroke! I have fulfilled my horrible destiny!—I knew Fate had cut out fearful work for me! Did I not always predict horrors unutterable? He left his mistress, happy idiot, unconscious of the death that lurked so near him! I saw the kindly pressure of their hands, as they parted, and I followed him out. I cursed the slow-pacing time! I thirsted for his blood!” he continued, speaking in low, deep accents—“Can I not outrun it? I thought—shall my vengeance wait? My sword was in his heart before he saw me near him.”

I was speechless. Harvey Pembroke—the chivalrous, the brave—an assassin? Was it credible? Was he not telling me the tale of madness?

“He lies weltering on the cliff!” he resumed. “I left him there, silent and cold!—and I have done all my business, for I have thundered the tidings into the ears of his mistress. She finds her pillow less downy since I roused her thence!” She came to the window at the sound of

my voice—and she fell back thence, whence she had heard my tale. I think it broke her heart—yes! I believe she is gone after her lover, and they are together even now!”

A vessel had long lain at anchor in the port, waiting for a favourable wind to carry her out to the South Sea Isles. The breeze sprung up, and her canvass was filled was filled, even while I stood over the body of Beaumont on the cliff. Harvey Pembroke was amongst her passengers; and I saw him borne away with the rest of her freight, before it was broad day. Yes: he left England for ever, dwelling far from the sight of all that had been dear to him—living and dying remote and unknown.

On that memorable day I was exposed to many suspicious and inquiries, with regard to Beaumont and the unfortunate Pembroke. I frankly stated all I knew, except the circumstances that related to the flight of the latter; and Beaumont, who had fainted from loss of the blood that flowed from his deep but not dangerous wound, corroborated my statement. His recovery succeeded, and the fatal event was soon but dimly remembered, except by the parties implicated in that unhappy catastrophe.

Sophia Maltravers was confined to her chamber during many months by severe indisposition, induced by the shock Pembroke's wild intelligence had inflicted. The preservation of Beaumont contributed much towards restoring the tone of her mind; but long and lingering was her sorrow for the loss of Harvey Pembroke. She had loved him!—despite his fierce passions—his tormenting jealousy—his intellect warped by his principles—she had loved him fondly. His insane act had brought her to the borders of the of the grave; and it was very long before she could receive the conviction, that a man, whose presumptuous spirit had wrecked him on the rock of the most terrific Fatalism, could never have been a safe guard-

ian of her happiness or an example worthy of imitation to her children.

She never again saw Beaumont. It was long before his name could be uttered in her hearing, without opening the scarcely-healed wounds of her spirit. He exchanged, shortly, into another regiment; and his narrow escape from death probably served to illustrate a remark or point an anecdote, in the new society in the sphere of which he revolved.

The last time I saw Sophia, she was the wife of an amiable man and a Christian. Surrounded by her lovely children, she probably remembered the dark scene that had clouded her youthful days, as a gloomy dream that had passed over her, and which was never voluntarily recalled. At this moment, possibly, there exists no human being whose mind retains the trace of these dark events so vividly as my own. I have dwelt on them in the silence of night, and my soul has learnt a bitter lesson from them. When overweening reason would dare to struggle with the the power of Omnipotence—would strive to search into the mysteries of God's eternal decrees—the name of Harvey Pembroke is a watch-word to warn me from the fatal rock on which his bark has stranded. The pride that had occasioned the fall of angels, had also overwhelmed him in its fatal vortex. He loved the danger of his daring flights of intellect; and triumphant in the consciousness of preeminent reason, he disbelieved all that exceeded his comprehension. Seduced by the vain systems of men, so flattering to the pride that predominated in his spirit, he became their victim; and attributing all actions to irresistible necessity, he felt flattered by the consciousness of being born to achieve some terrible destiny. All his misery, all his errors and his crimes may be traced to the unhappy delusion under which his mind laboured. Of the circumstances that might have demonstrated to him the fallacy of his calculations, he probably remained ignorant for ever. He had no opportunity of proving, by

the recovery of Beaumont and Sophia, that of all those whose lives he believed he was to colour with their predominating hue, himself—the FA-

TALIST!—alone was wrecked; and, in all social relations, had perished irrecoverably!

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE "*CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE,*"

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALL who are acquainted with the early history of the Italian stage are aware, that Arlechino is not, in his original conception, a mere worker of marvels with his wooden sword, a jumper into and out of windows, as upon our theatre—but, as his party-coloured jacket implies, a buffoon or clown, whose mouth, far from being eternally closed as amongst us, is filled, like that of Touchstone, with quips, and cranks, and witty devices, very often delivered extempore. It is not easy to guess how he became possessed of his black vizard, which was anciently made in the resemblance of the face of a cat; but it seems that the mask was essential to the performance of the character, as will appear from the following theatrical anecdote. An actor, on the Italian stage permitted at the Foire du St. Germain, in Paris, was renowned for the wild, venturesome, and extravagant wit, the brilliant sallies and fortunate repartees, with which he prodigally seasoned the character of the party-coloured jester. Some critics, whose good will towards a favoured actor was stronger than their judgment, took occasion to remonstrate with the successful performer on the subject of the grotesque vizard. They went wilily to their purpose, observing that his classical and Attic wit, his delicate vein of humour, his happy turn for dialogue, was rendered burlesque and ludicrous by this unmeaning and bizarre disguise, and that those attributes would become far more impressive, if aided by the spirit of his eye and the expression of his natural features. The actor's vanity was easily so far engaged as to induce him to make the experiment. He

played harlequin harelaced, but was considered on all hands as having made a total failure. He had lost the audacity which a sense of incognito bestowed, and with it all the reckless play of raillery which gave vivacity to his original acting. He cursed his advisers, and resumed his grotesque vizard; but, it is said, without ever being able to regain the careless and successful levity which the consciousness of the disguise had formerly bestowed. Perhaps the Author of *Waverley* is now about to incur a risk of the same kind, and endanger his popularity by having laid aside his incognito. It is certainly not a voluntary experiment, like that of harlequin; for it was my original intention never to have avowed these works during my lifetime, and the original manuscripts were carefully preserved (though by the care of others rather than mine), with the purpose of supplying the necessary evidence of the truth when the period of announcing it should arrive. But the affairs of my publishers having unfortunately passed into a management different from their own, I had no right any longer to rely upon secrecy in that quarter: and thus my mask, like my Aunt Dinah's in *Tristram Shandy*, having begun to wax a little threadbare about the chin, it became time to lay it aside with a good grace, unless I desired it should fall in pieces from my face. Yet I had not the slightest intention of choosing the time and place in which the disclosure was finally made; nor was there any concert betwixt my learned and respected friend Lord Meadowbank and myself upon that occasion. It was, as the reader is probably aware, upon the 23d Feb-

ruary last, at a public meeting, called for establishing a professional Theatrical Fund in Edinburgh, that the communication took place. Just before we sat down to table, Lord Meadowbank asked me whether I was still anxious to preserve my incognito on the subject of what was called the Waverley novels? I did not immediately see the purpose of his lordship's question, although I certainly might have been led to infer it, and replied, that the secret had now become known to so many people, that I was indifferent on the subject. Lord Meadowbank was thus induced, while doing me the great honour of proposing my health to the meeting, to say something on the subject of these novels, so strongly connecting them with me as the author, that, by remaining silent, I must have stood convicted, either of the actual paternity, or of the still greater crime of being supposed willing to receive, indirectly, praise to which I had no just title. I thus found myself suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional, and had only time to recollect that I had been guided thither by a most friendly hand, and could not, perhaps, find a better public opportunity to lay down a disguise, which began to resemble that of a detected masquerader. I had therefore the task of avowing myself to the numerous and respectable company assembled, as the sole and unaided author of these novels of Waverley, the paternity of which was likely at one time to have formed a controversy of some celebrity. I now think it further necessary to say, that while I take on myself all the merits and demerits attending these compositions, I am bound to acknowledge, with gratitude, hints of subjects and legends which I have received from various quarters, and have occasionally used as a foundation of my fictitious compositions, or woven up with them in the shape of episodes. I am bound, in particular, to acknowledge the unremitting kindness of Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dum-

fries, to whose unwearied industry I have been indebted for many curious traditions and points of antiquarian interest. It was Mr. Train who recalled to my recollection the history of Old Mortality, although I myself had a personal interview with that celebrated wanderer, so far back as 1792, when I found him on his usual task. He was then engaged in repairing the grave-stones of the Covenanters, who had died while imprisoned in the castle of Dunnottar, to which many were committed prisoners at the period of Argyle's rising: their place of confinement is still called Whig's Vault. Mr. Train, however, procured for me far more extensive information concerning this singular person, whose name was Patterson, than I had been able to acquire during my short conversation with him. He was (as I may have somewhere already stated), a native of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and it is believed that domestic affliction, as well as devotional feeling, induced him to commence the wandering mode of life, which he pursued for a very long period. It is more than twenty years since Robert Patterson's death, which took place on the high road near Lockerby, where he was found exhausted and expiring. The white pony, the companion of his pilgrimage, was standing by the side of its dying master; the whole furnishing a scene not unfitted for the pencil. These particulars I had from Mr. Train.—Another debt, which I pay most willingly, is that which I owe to an unknown correspondent (a lady), who favoured me with the history of the upright and high-principled female, whom, in the Heart of Mid Lothian, I have termed Jeanie Deans. The circumstance of her refusing to save her sister's life by an act of perjury, and undertaking a pilgrimage to London to obtain her pardon, are both represented as true by my fair and obliging correspondent; and they led me to consider the possibility of rendering a fictitious personage interesting by mere digni-

ty of mind and rectitude of principle, assisted by unpretending good sense and temper, without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishment and wit, to which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right. If the portrait was received with interest by the public, I am conscious how much it was owing to the truth and force of the original sketch, which I regret that I am unable to present to the public, as it was written with much feeling and spirit.—Old and odd books, and a considerable collection of family legends, formed another quarry, so ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted, than that materials should fail. I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the *Bride of Lammermoor* actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. The female relative, by whom the melancholy tale was communicated to me many years since, was a near connexion of the family in which the event happened, and always told it with an appearance of melancholy mystery, which enhanced the interest. She had known, in her youth, the brother who rode before the unhappy victim to the fatal altar, who though then a mere boy, and occupied almost entirely with the gallantry of his own appearance in the bridal procession, could not but remark that the hand of his sister was moist, and cold as that of a statue. It is unnecessary further to withdraw the veil from this scene of family distress, nor, although it occurred more than a hundred years since, might it altogether be agreeable to the representatives of the families concerned in the narrative. It may be proper to say, that the events are imitated; but I had neither the means nor intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story. Indeed, I may here state generally, that although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion

violated the respect due to private life. It was, indeed, impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley*, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalise the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus, the character of *Jonathan Oldbuck*, in the *Antiquary*, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to *Shakspeare*, and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness, that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed, had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised, in the *Antiquary*, traces of the character of a very intimate friend of my father's family. I may here also notice, that the sort of exchange of gallantry, which is represented as taking place betwixt the *Baron of Bradwardine* and *Colonel Talbot*, is a literal fact. The real circumstances of the anecdote, alike honourable to *Whig* and *Tory*, are these:—*Alexander Stewart*, of *Invernahyle*—a name which I cannot write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to the friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the *Highlands*, their traditions, and their manners—had been engaged actively in the troubles of

1745. As he charged at the battle of Preston with his clan, the Stewarts of Appine, he saw an officer of the opposite party standing alone by a battery of four cannon, of which he discharged three on the advancing Highlanders, and then drew his sword. Invernahyle rushed on him, and required him to surrender. "Never to rebels!" was the undaunted reply, accompanied with a longe, which the Highlander received on his target; but instead of using his sword in cutting down his now defenceless antagonist, he employed it in parrying the blow of a Lochaber axe, aimed at the officer by the Miller, one of his own followers, a grim-looking old Highlander, whom I remember to have seen. Thus overpowered, Lieutenant-colonel Allan Whiteford, a gentleman of rank and consequence, as well as a brave officer, gave up his sword, and with it his purse and watch, which Invernahyle accepted, to save them from his followers. After the affair was over, Mr. Stewart sought out his prisoner, and they were introduced to each other by the celebrated John Roy Stewart, who acquainted Colonel Whiteford with the quality of his captor, and made him aware of the necessity of receiving back his property, which he was inclined to leave in the hands into which it had fallen. So great became the confidence established betwixt them, that Invernahyle obtained from the chevalier his freedom upon parole; and soon afterwards, having been sent back to the Highlands to raise men, he visited Colonel Whiteford at his own house, and spent two happy days with him and his Whig friends, without thinking, on either side, of the civil war which was then raging. When the battle of Culloden put an end to the hopes of Charles Edward, Invernahyle, wounded and unable to move, was borne from the field by the faithful zeal of his retainers. But as he had been a distinguished Jacobite, his family and property were exposed to the system of vindictive destruction, too generally carried into

execution through the country of the insurgents. It was now Colonel Whiteford's turn to exert himself, and he wearied all the authorities, civil and military, with his solicitations for pardon to the saver of his life, or at least for a protection for his wife and family. His applications were for a long time unsuccessful: "I was found with the mark of the beast upon me in every list," was Invernahyle's expression. At length, Colonel Whiteford applied to the Duke of Cumberland, and urged his suit with every argument which he could think of. Being still repulsed, he took his commission from his bosom, and, having said something of his own and his family's services to the House of Hanover, begged to resign his situation in their service, since he could not be permitted to show his gratitude to the person to whom he owed his life. The Duke, struck with his earnestness, desired him to take up his commission, and granted the protection required for the family of Invernahyle. The chieftain himself lay concealed in a cave near his own house, before which a small body of regular soldiers was encamped. He could hear the muster-roll called every morning, and their drums beat to quarters at night, and not a change of the sentinels escaped him. As it was suspected that he was lurking somewhere on the property, his family were closely watched, and compelled to use the utmost precaution in supplying him with food. One of his daughters, a child of eight or ten years old, was employed, as the agent least likely to be suspected. She was an instance, among others, that a time of danger and difficulty creates a premature sharpness of intellect. She made herself acquainted among the soldiers, till she became so familiar to them, that her motions escaped their notice; and her practice was, to stroll away into the neighbourhood of the cave, and leave what slender supply of food she carried for that purpose, under some remarkable stone, or the root of some

tree, where her father might find it as he crept by night from his lurking-place. Times became milder, and my excellent friend was relieved from proscription by the Act of Indemnity. Such is the interesting story which I have rather injured than improved, by the manner in which it is told in *Waverly*. This incident, with several other circumstances illustrating the tales in question, was communicated by me to my late lamented friend, William Erskine, (a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Kinder), who afterwards reviewed, with far too much partiality, the *Tales of my Landlord*, for the *Quarterly Review* of January 1817. In the same are contained other illustrations of the novels, with which I supplied my accomplished friend, who took the trouble to write the review. The reader who is desirous of such information, will find the original of Meg Merrilees, and, I believe, of one or two other personages of the same cast of character, in the article referred to. I may also mention, that the tragic and savage circumstances, which are represented as preceding the birth of Allan Mac Auley, in the *Legend of Montrose*, really happened in the family of Stewart of Ardvoirloch. The wager about the candlesticks, whose place was supplied by Highland torch-bearers, was laid and won by one of the Mac Donalds of Keppoch. There can be but little amusement in winnowing out the few grains of truth which are contained in this mass of empty fiction. I may, however, before dismissing the subject, allude to the various localities which have been affixed to some of the scenery introduced into these novels, by which, for example, *Wolfs-Hope* is identified with *Fast-Castle*, in *Berwickshire*; *Tillietudlem* with *Draphane*, in *Clydesdale*; and the valley in the *Monastery*, called *Glendearg*, with the dale of the *Allan*, above *Lord Somerville's villa* near *Melrose*. I can only say, that, in these and other instances, I had no purpose in describing any particular

local spot; and the resemblance must therefore be of that general kind which necessarily exists betwixt scenes of the same character. The iron-bound coast of Scotland affords upon its headlands and promontories fifty such castles as *Wolfs-Hope*; every country has a valley more or less resembling *Glendearg*; and if castles like *Tillietudlem*, or mansions like the *Baron of Bradwardine's*, are now less frequently to be met with, it is owing to the rage of indiscriminate destruction, which has removed or ruined so many monuments of antiquity, when they were not protected by their inaccessible situation.—The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British poets to discover apposite mottos, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed eked it out with invention. I believe, that in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to.—And now the reader may expect me, while in the confessional, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of *Corporal Nym*—It was the humour or caprice of the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence I have owed much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly con-

scious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years, that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery (for to me it was one), that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness which have lessened and even degraded, the character of the children of imagination, and rendered them by petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect, to guard my breast (perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow), with triple brass, and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity, by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to public applause, when I have been honoured with its testimonies; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those most distinguished by talents and genius, and which I venture to hope now rest upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages, as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say with truth and confidence, that I have tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from

motives the most flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable. I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism of the detail, as what is necessarily connected with it. The author so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion. I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the Novels published as the composition of the "Author of Waverley." I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is any thing in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession. I ought to mention, before concluding, that twenty persons at least were, either from intimacy or from the confidence which circumstances rendered necessary, participant of this secret; and as there was no instance, to my knowledge, of any one of the number breaking the confidence required from them, I am the more obliged to them, because the slight and trivial character of the mystery was not qualified to inspire much respect in those intrusted with it. As for the work which follows, it was meditated, and in part printed, long before the avowal of the novels took place, and originally commenced with a declaration that it was neither to have introduction nor preface of any kind. This long poem, prefixed to a work intended not to have any, may, however, serve to shew how human purposes, in the most

trifling as well as the most important affairs, are liable to be controlled by the course of events. Thus, we begin to cross a strong river, with our eyes and our resolution fixed on the point of the opposite shore, on which we propose to land; but gradually giving way to the torrent, are glad, by the aid of branch or bush, to extricate ourselves at some distant and perhaps dangerous landing-place,

much farther down the stream, than that on which we had fixed our intentions. Hoping that the courteous reader will afford to a known and familiar acquaintance, some portion of the favour which he extended to a disguised candidate for his applause, I beg leave to subscribe myself his obliged, humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbottsford, October 1, 1827.

VARIETIES.

SINGULAR ASSASSINATION IN KINCARDINESHIRE.

ECCLESCRAIG, formerly a place of great strength, being erected on a perpendicular and peninsulated rock, sixty feet above the sea, at the mouth of a small rivulet, was built in consequence of a murder committed in the reign of James the First; and the circumstance deserves to be recorded, as it affords a specimen of the barbarity of the times. Melville, sheriff of Kincardineshire, had by a vigorous exercise of his authority, rendered himself so very obnoxious to the barons of the county, that they had made repeated complaints to the king. On the last of these occasions the king, in a fit of impatience, happened to say to Barclay of Mathers, "I wish that sheriff were sodden and supped in brue." Barclay instantly withdrew, and reported to his neighbours the king's words, which they resolved literally to fulfil. Accordingly, the conspirators invited the unsuspecting Melville to a hunting party in the forest of Garvock; where having a fire kindled, and a cauldron of water boiling on it, they rushed to the spot, stripped the sheriff naked, and threw him headlong into the boiling vessel: after which, on pretence of fulfilling the royal mandate, each swallowed a spoonful of the broth. After this cannibal feast, Barclay, to screen himself from the vengeance of the king, built this fortress, which, before the invention of gunpowder, must have been impreg-

nable. Some of the conspirators were afterwards pardoned. One of the pardons is said to be still in existence; and the reason assigned for granting it is, that the conspirator was within the tenth degree of kin to Macduff, thane of Fife.

CINDERELLA.

The origin of the tale from which this pantomime was adopted, is sufficiently curious. It was about the year 1730 that a French actor, of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall, the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity, that he reappeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner, than that it had been left in his absence, for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of his slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so!) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty

and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love: the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

TIME.

Sir William Jones, so well known for his great acquisitions in oriental literature, was no less remarkable for his piety.—A friend reciting Sir Edward Coke's couplet of

"Six hours to sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix,"

he subjoined, "rather say,

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

TAKING PHYSIC.

David Hartley eat two hundred pounds weight of soap to cure the stone, but died of that disease. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water. Meyer, in a course of chemical neutralization, swallowed 1,200 lbs. of crabs' eyes. In the German Ephemerides, the case of a person is described, who had taken so much elixir of vitriol, that his keys were rusted in his pocket by the transudation of the acid through the pores of the skin; another patient is said to have taken argentum nitratum in solution till he became blue.

HEREDITARY TALENT IN ACTORS.

The children of many obscure performers have become eminent; but there are very few instances in which the descendant of a considerable actor or actress has been distinguished. To take instances within recent recollection, or of the present day, for example—Mr. Elliston has a son upon the stage, with none of the striking talent of the father. Mr. Henry Siddons, the son of Mrs. Siddons, was a very bad actor indeed. Lewis had two sons upon the stage, neither of them of any value. Mr. Downton has two sons (or had), in the same situation. And Mrs. Glover's two daughters will never rise above mediocrity. On the other hand, Mr.

Macready and Mr. Wallack are both sons of very low actors; and the late Mr. John Bannister and Mr. Tokely were similarly descended. Almost the only modern instance of the immediate descendant of a valuable performer turning out well, was in the case of Mrs. Jordan's daughter, Mrs. Alsop; who was very nearly as good an actress as her mother.

THE NEGRO'S HEIR-LOOM.

Some years ago, the boiler-men negroes on the Huckenfield estate were overheard by the book-keeper discoursing on this subject, (the superiority of the whites,) and various opinions were given, till the question was thus set at rest by an old African:—"When God Almighty make de world, him make two men, a nigger and a buckra; and him give them two box, and him tell dem for make dem choice. Nigger, (nigger greedy from time,) when him find one box heavy, him take it, and buckra take to other; when dem open de box, buckra see pen, ink and paper; nigger box full up with hoe and bill, and hoe and bill for nigger till this day."—*Barclay's Slavery in the West-Indies.*

RAISING THE WIND.

The superstitions of sailors are not few, as those assert who are conversant in maritime affairs. Amongst others is the custom, pretty well known, of *whistling for a wind*. A gentleman told me, that, on his first voyage, being then very young, and ignorant of sea usages, he was in the habit of walking the deck a great deal, "and whistling as he went," perhaps "for want of thought"—perhaps for want of something better to do. Shortly he fancied that the captain of the vessel seemed not a little annoyed whenever this took place, although he kept a respectful silence upon the subject. At length Mr. — resolved to speak to him himself; and accordingly, one day, when it blew a pretty brisk gale, said, "I observe, captain, that you appear particularly uneasy whenever I whistle."—"To say the truth, sir, I am just

now," replied he. "On a fair, still day, whistle as much as you please ; but when there is a wind like this, *we don't like to have any more called.*"

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES OF CHARLES I.

1. Profane no divine ordinances. 2. Touch no state matters. 3. Urge no healths. 4. Pick no quarrels. 5. Maintain no ill opinions. 6. Encourage no vice. 7. Repeat no grievances. 8. Reveal no secrets. 9. Make no comparisons. 10. Keep no bad company. 11. Make no long meals. 12. Lay no wagers.

EPIGRAMS,

Written on the Union, 1801, by a celebrated Barrister of Dublin.

Why should we exclaim, that the times are so bad,

Pursuing a querulous strain ?

When Erin gives up all the rights that she had,
What right had she left to complain ?

THE cit complains to all he meets,
That grass will grow in Dublin streets,
And swears that all is over !

Short-sighted mortals, can't you see,
Your mourning will be chang'd to glee—
For then you'll live in clover.

A TURKISH REWARD.

The first Grimaldi celebrated on the stage, appeared at Paris about the year 1735, when his athletic force and extraordinary agility procured him the sobriquet of "Iron-leg." In the year 1742, when Mehemet Effendi, ambassador of the Porte, visited Paris, he was received with the highest honour and utmost distinction, and the Court having ordered a performance for the Turk's entertainment, Grimaldi was commanded to exert himself to the utmost to effect that object. In obedience to his directions, in making a surprising leap his foot actually struck a lustre, placed high from the stage, and one of the glass drops was actually thrown in the face of the Ambassador. It was then customary to demand some reward from the personage for whom the entertainment was prepared, and, at the conclusion of the piece, Grimaldi waited upon the Mussulman for the usual

present. If the Turk had concealed the expression of his anger at the accident, it was not however extinct ; for on the appearance of the buffoon, he directed him to be seized by his attendants, and transported in his theatrical costume to his residence, where, after undergoing a severe bastinado, the hapless actor was thrust into the street, with only his pedal honors for his recompense.

PLEASURES OF STUDY.

Hensius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, was mewed up in it all the year long ; and that which in some might have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. "I no sooner (saith he) come to the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself ; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness."

DR. RADCLIFFE.

Among the many singularities related of Radcliffe, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attendance on his *colonel* ; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "my orders are to bring you." And being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms, and carried him off per force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the d—l is all this," said Radcliffe, "your colonel don't live here?"—"No," said his military friend,—"no, my *colonel* does not live here—but my *comrade* does, and he's worth two of the

colonel,—so, by G—d, doctor, if you don't do your best for him, it will be the worst for you !”

“HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.”

SAVE when the sun's resplendent ray
May gild the passing hour,
To mark the minutes on their way
I lose the ready power.

So only can that time be blest,
And called by man his own,
In which the sunbeam of the breast,
The Conscience may have shone !

MACAO.

The island (or nearly the island) of Macao is about six miles in circumference. The appearance of it is naked and sterile. It is inhabited by 45,000 individuals ; of whom 40,000 are Chinese, and live chiefly in the town of Macao ; the remaining 5000 are Portuguese and English. The climate is very healthy, and the heat very endurable. It contains a great number of Chinese temples ; fourteen Catholic churches, to which nearly a hundred priests are attached ; and one Protestant chapel, belonging to the East India Company.

“A PATHETIC BALLAD.”

’TWAS in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear ! O William dear !
My rest eternal ceases ;
Alas ! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces !

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minutes,
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-Bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Dr. Carpus can ;
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone
My William, we must part !
But I'll be your's in death, although
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They haven't left an atom there,
Of my anatomie.

CHARLES KEMBLE AND LISTON.

Charles Kemble gave at first but little promise of his present talent. It would be difficult to recognize in the gentleman and the scholar, and in one who excels in tragedy as in comedy, the “very stick” that he certainly once looked ; and it was only by the strength of his name that he was endured at all, for he gave not evidence of taste or power, and it was as wearisome once to witness his performance as it is now delightful to behold the display of histrionic science he affords. Then as to Liston, it was really once a ticklish point whether he could make good his footing on the stage ; and so totally had he or the managers erred, as to his talent, that the characters at first appropriated to him were those of dull and prosy old men. He chose too, for his benefit, on one occasion, “Octavian,” and it afforded the first indubitable evidence of his comic powers ; although, at its conclusion, he assured the audience that he never would be so mad again. It was followed on the same night by Poole's “Hamlet Travestie,” wherein Matthews, as young Hamlet,—the lovely Ophelia, with her nosegay of turnips, carrots, and parsnips, by Liston ; and Charles Taylor's ghost of Matthews's papa, (the best thing he ever did—) kept the house in a continual roar of laughter.